

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

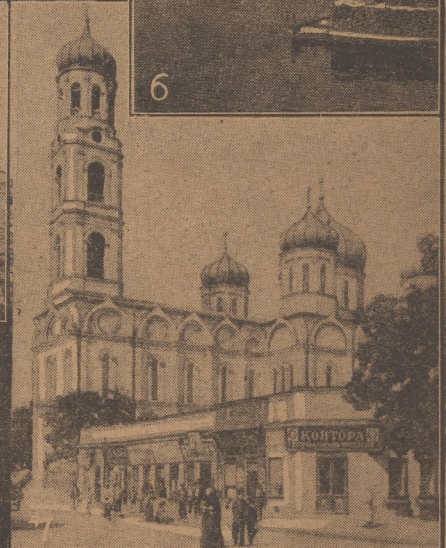
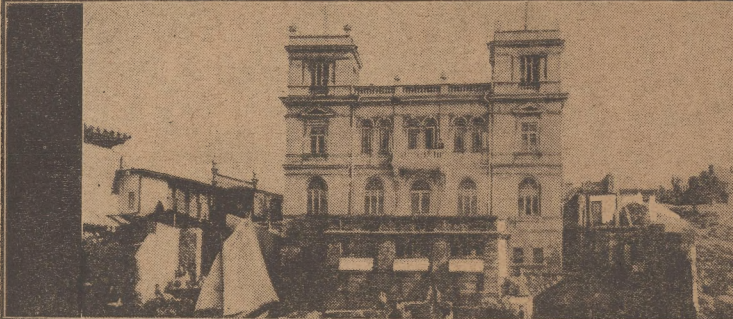
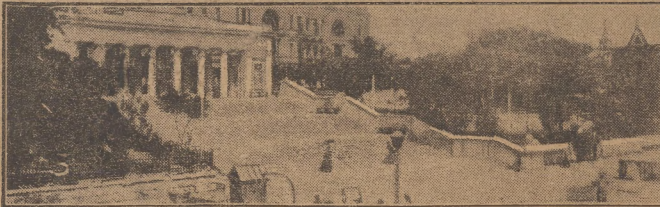
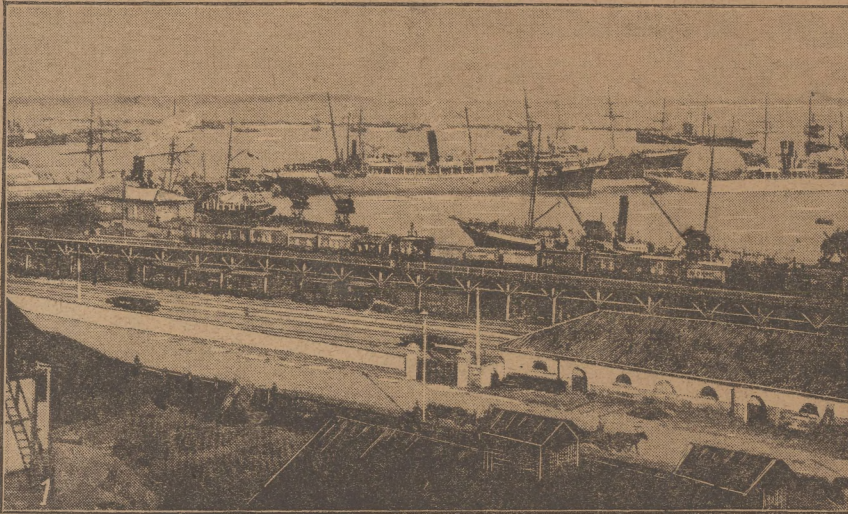
No. 519.

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SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

RUSSIAN NAVAL REVOLT: REIGN OF TERROR AT ODESSA.



The revolt of sailors in the Russian navy has spread from Odessa to the northern naval ports, where numerous encounters have taken place between the insurgent bluejackets and the military. The first photograph is a view of the harbour at Odessa, where all the buildings on the quays were burned by the revolting sailors of the battleship *Kniaz Potemkin*. No. 2 is a portrait of Vice-Admiral Kruger, in command of the squadron which left Sebastopol to deal with the mutineers. No. 3 shows the granite steps near St. Nicholas Church, Odessa, where thousands were killed and wounded in a collision between the revolutionaries and a body of Cossacks. The Port Administration Buildings, Odessa, burned by the sailors, appear in No. 4, and No. 5 shows some of the Government storehouses at Libau, the Baltic port, which have been sacked. No. 6 is a unique view of the famous fortress of Kronstadt, where a mutiny is feared to be imminent, and No. 7 shows the St. Nicholas Church, Odessa, on the Boulevard St. Nicholas, where there has been some sanguinary fighting.

PERSONAL.
X.—Meet me Monday, 6.30, same place. A. V.
DARLING.—Thanks for long looked-for letter.—F.G. E.T.S.
DOMINGO.—Received welcome letter. Burnt as promised.
—FINKLE.
TWENTY.—Longing for you. Love stronger than ever.
Do assure me of yours.—S.
THE "Daily Mirror" will be forwarded post free daily for
6d. a week to any address in the United Kingdom—rat-
dres "The Publisher," 12, Whitefriars-st., London, E.C.
MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes
to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad
in the Colonies or in the United States, let him adver-
tise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every
town in the whole world where any English-speaking
person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on ap-
plication to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily
Mail," 3, Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.
. The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m.,
and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d. and
2s. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office
or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in
Personal Column, eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word
after.—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12,
Whitefriars-st., London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart.
LAST PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT at 8.30.
UNDER WHICH KING? By J. B. Fagan. Tel. 2645
Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.50.
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. (Last 7 Nights)
Adapted by Sydney Grundy from "Les Affaires sont les
Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau.
LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY NEXT, at 2.30.
AT 8.15, THE BALLAD-MONGER.

IMPERIAL. Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-DAY, at 3.30, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.

MONSIEUR DECAUCLAIRE.
54th PERFORMANCE TO-NIGHT.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet.
Under the management of Mr. Tom B. Davis. TO-
NIGHT, at 8.15, Mr. MARTIN HARRY in "Roxbury,
the Rat," in THE BEBED OF THE TRESHAMS, by John
Ruskerford. TO-DAY, at 2.30, and 8.15, THE BALLAD-MONGER.
AT 2.30 OF THE ONLY WAY. Tel. 3687 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S. THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.
An English version, by Harry Melville, of Alfred Capus
and Emmanuel Arène's Play, "L'Adversaire."
TO-NIGHT, at 8.30.
Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.
Mme. SIMONE LA BAYE.
Of the Theatre du Gymnase, Paris.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3.0,
6.0, and 8.0. All seats in all parties numbered and reserved.
Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal
applications for seats.
PRICES: Boxes 42 2s., 21 1s. 6d., and 41 1s.; Pa-
tents 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s.
(Telephone, No. 7,688) and 2s. 6d. for children under 12
half-price to all Patents and Stalls. Telegrams, "Coli-
seum, London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.
Representative Displays from All Parts of the World.
GREAT SONAL ANIMAL CAMP.
This is without any qualification one of the most
attractive shows in London.—"Morning Post."
Displays by AMERICAN and 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.
CRICKET at 11.30. GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND v.
OXFORD UNIVERSITY.
CAPE CHANTANT at 4.0 and 8.0.
The TIBETAN TEMPLE. Band of H.M. Coldstream
Guards.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.
National Fire Brigades' Union.
ANNUAL CAMP AND COMPETITIONS.
LAST DAY.
The pick of the Fire Brigades of the Country.
GRAND REVIEW and PRIZE DISTRIBUTION by the
Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at 4.0.
MAGNIFICENT FIREWORK DISPLAY
by 2.30, 4.15, and 8.15.
Table d'Hôte Lunches and Dinners in the New Dining
Rooms overlooking the Grounds and Firework Displays.
Messrs. J. Lyons and Co., Ltd., Caterers by Appointment.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "HENGELER'S."
OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. Over 200 Acting and Per-
forming Animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices 1s. to 5s.
Children half-price to all parties. Telephone 4135 Gerrard.

NAVAL SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES
EXHIBITION EARLS COURT.
Open to 11 p.m. Admission Is.
Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping and Fisheries.
NELSON, CENTRAL PALESTINE, and the
Fishing Village Working Exhibits. Model of "Victory."
A Special Collection by the HAND OF H.M. 1st ROYAL
IRISH FUSILIERS, Dr. Paul v. Ballaghy.
H.M. 5th ROYAL FUSILIERS BAND.
EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.
Go on board the full-size Cruiser.
Best Batteries of 4.7 Guns. Hotchiss and Maxim.
The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Hand-men.
PANORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.
West's "On the Nile." Egyptian and Chinese
Fairy Grotto. Indian Grotto. Burton's Great Red Indian Vile-
fence-Chief, Sun-wa, and Papyrus. Voyage in a Submarine.
Vanderdecken's Hatched Cabin. Famous Sea Fights. Mir-
de Roban's Musical and Dramatic Sketches. Tillikum Canoe.

HOLIDAY RESORTS.

ISLE OF MAN FOR HEALTH AND HOLIDAYS.
—Sunniest spot in United Kingdom; air bracing and
scenery charming; motor, bicycle, golf, and sports.
post free.—WALTER D. KEIG, 27, Imperial-buildings,
Ludgate Circus, E.C.

FLATS TO LET.

WELL-Furnished Maisonette Flats. 4 front rooms, bath,
kitchen, moderate rent.—"Boxah," Bleak-hall Lane, Street
ham Hill.

WIMBORNE.—Maisonettes (self-contained).—3 or 4 rooms,
bath (h. and c.), kitchen, sanitary, electric light and
fittings; tastefully decorated; select and pretty near-
ly-wooded; modern general and garden; motor-cou-
ple's company's motor-bus to station in 4 minutes.
rents from £2 2s. to £3 10s. calendar month, inclusive.
Apply Polytechnic Estate, Ltd., Wimborne.

HOLIDAY APARTMENTS.

ANDERSON'S Fording Establishment, 14, Pe-ham-crescent,
Hastings.—Board-Residence, sea front; 21s., 25s., inclusive;
apartments.

GREAT Yarmouth.—Garibaldi Hotel, for gentlemen;
moderate terms; liberal table.—Powell, Proprietor.

JERSEY.—Where to stay.—Brompton Villa, Great Union-
rd, near sea; from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 6d. per day.—Write for
illustrated booklet, with particulars, Proprietress.

LOWESTOFT.—Dagmar Boarding-House Establishment;
minute sea; highly recommended; good cooking; mod-
erate; stamp.

2 D. OFF
"MAYPOLE" TEA!!

Yes, we have reduced the price of the very best
"MAYPOLE" TEA by 2d. per lb., making it

ONLY 1/6 D. A LB.

whilst keeping up its Superb Quality.

Similarly, our other reliable "Maypole" Blends are
also reduced to 1/4, 1/2 and 1/- a lb.

All Packets Full Weight without Paper.

MAYPOLE DAIRY CO., Ltd.
403 Branches throughout the Kingdom.

SPEND A HALFPENNY (POSTCARD) AND YOU WILL
To know all the advantages I offer send postcard for lists which give full details and useful information.
GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL.
CASH OR INSTALMENT TERMS.
SHOWROOMS: LONDON & BIRMINGHAM.
Established 1889
CHARLES RILEY, Desk 24, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.

JAMES ELMY & CO., 105, TOTTENHAM
FOR CHINA, GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE.
The "MIKADO" Tea Service.

41 PIECES FOR 9/11
Best English Manufacture, 41 Pieces, including Teapot, 9s. 11d. Gilt. Dinner Service to Match (Un-gilt), 52 pieces for 17s. 6d. Package free home and export.

Motorists should never be without

MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE.

DENTISTRY.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought! (all should call or forward by post) full value per return or other made.—Messrs M. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 173 Oxford-st. (opposite Berners-st.) London established 100 years.

OLD Artificial Teeth bought! good prices given; money sent return post; if price not accepted teeth returned.—V. Pearce, 10, Granville-rd., Hove Brighton.

TEETH Free.—The Benevolent Dental Society of Great Britain, founded to supply Artificial Teeth Free to the Necessitous Poor, those of Small Means, and Servants; Order Letters are given to Private Dentists for Free Teeth.—Applications by letter, at Office, 7, Whitefriars-st., E.C. Edwin Drew, Sec., Editor of "Amusement."

EPPS'S COCOA

You will find it the very Cocoa you want.

DALLI
UNSURPASSED
for effectiveness and convenience in the household.
No danger of explosion. No heat of stove or small. Saves time and labour. Gives intense and continuous heat, but only with the genuine "Dalli" Fuel. Beware of worthless imitations. Price of the "Dalli" 6/-; "Dalli" Fuel 1/- per box of 128 1/2 lb. To be obtained of all Ironmongers and Domestic Stores.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
HENLEY REGATTA, July 4, 5, and

MOST BRILLIANT SPECTACLE OF THE

SPECIAL EXPRESS SERVICES

Supplementing the ordinary trains

Between PADDINGTON and HENLEY

14 TRAINS FROM PADDINGTON TO HENLEY

15 TRAINS FROM HENLEY TO PADDINGTON

EXTRA SPECIALS

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, July 5 and

FARES: 6.55, 8.30, 8.50, and 9.12 a.m. to

return 2s. 6d. After 9.12 a.m. 5s.

SEASON TICKETS available between PADDIN-

HENLEY, by any train; July 1 to 10 inclusive,

2nd, 3rd, 6d. For Regatta days only, 1st, 2s.

For details, see bills, or send postcard to Enquiries

Paddington Station, W. JAMES C. INGLIS, General M-

NORTH WESTERN AND BRIGHTON AND

COAST RAILWAYS.

SPECIAL THROUGH EXCURSION

BRIGHTON AND WORKING.

By Train leaving at

Every Sunday, Every Monday, From

8.30, 8.50, 9.15, WILMINGTON JUNCTION...

8.30, 8.50, 9.15, ST. QUENTIN PARK AND

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Mutiny Spreads to Great Port of Kronstadt.

ODESSA SHELLED.

Rebel Warship Pours Death Into the City.

ENORMOUS EXODUS.

Naval Revolt Result of Organised Conspiracy.

STREETS RUN WITH BLOOD

The situation in Russia has assumed a still graver aspect.

The sailors at Kronstadt, the great naval arsenal of the Russian Empire, have mutinied and stoned their officers.

Details of the Libau revolt have not yet come to hand. Its serious nature is revealed by a brief Exchange message from St. Petersburg, which states that artillery had to be utilised to cow the mutineers.

Everything points to a long-considered and carefully organised plot in the navy.

There is a lull in the fighting at Odessa, but it is the lull of expectation. The citizens scarcely dare to hope for the arrival of the fleet.

Two warships, says the "Standard" correspondent, are now lying at anchor seventeen miles from the port. They have had no communication with the shore authorities, but have been exchanging signals with the mutineers on the Kniaz Potemkin.

The bombardment of the city, commenced on Thursday night, was provoked by the detention of four of the mutineers by the military authorities.

The damage inflicted on the town by fire is estimated at £2,500,000. It includes nine steamers, the railway station, the harbour works, and many warehouses.

A general exodus from the city is now in progress.

The censorship enforces a rigorous silence upon the Russian Press, which makes no reference to the revolt.

KRONSTADT IN REVOLT.

Sailors at Russia's Great Naval Arsenal Stone Their Officers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—It is reported this afternoon that a mutiny has broken out at Kronstadt among the sailors of the navy, and that a number of officers have been stoned.

The sailors had struck against working on shore as labourers, even for pay, and demanded that they should be allowed either to resume duty on board or to leave the service.

One of the officers was so badly injured that he had to be removed to hospital. The troops at Peterhof have been reinforced.—Reuter.

NINE STEAMERS BURNED.

All the British Shipping in the Harbour Reported Safe.

ODESSA, Friday.—Nine ships had been burned up to yesterday evening. So far as is known none of them was British.

The Central News is informed that Messrs. McNabb, Rennie, and Co. received the following telegram from Odessa, dated 11.34 a.m. yesterday:—

"Craneley, Borneo, Thistlethru, Gorlands, and Columbia are in the Roads.

"Ventnor and Eastfield are in the quarantine harbour.

"Lyall and Sanna are at Platonowsky Mole.

"Have told the captains to leave at the first sign of danger.

"All safe."

RAILWAY BRIDGE DYNAMITED.

WARSAW, Friday.—In the Dombrowa district last night some strikers tried to blow up with dynamite a railway bridge between the stations of

Lasz and Zombkowie. Little damage was done, and the trains were delayed only two hours.

At eleven o'clock last night a detective and a policeman were shot dead in Warsaw. The murderers escaped.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN REPUBLIC.

Extraordinary Proceedings at a Session of Zemstvoists.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—An extraordinary session of the Zemstvo of Nizhni Novgorod was opened yesterday. During the sitting a member of the public rose and read a long document insisting on the necessity of a democratic republic for Russia. He was enthusiastically applauded, and shouts of "Down with autocracy!" were raised. The business of the Zemstvo was then resumed.—Reuter.

PARIS, Friday.—A telegram to the "Petit Parisien" from Odessa states that the insurgents have installed a provisional government there.—Reuter.

"ALL IS NOT CHAOS."

Significant Hint of Downfall of the Russian Government.

The London correspondent of the "New York Sun" discusses the future of Russia with mysterious significance.

According to Laffan, in a dispatch published yesterday, he writes:—

"The situation at Odessa and the growing signs of military disaffection suggest that Russia's



A map showing the position of Odessa.

crucial hour is close at hand. Will the Romanoff dynasty survive it, or is the present order of things to be swept away?

"I am not at liberty to discuss unreservedly these fatal questions. I venture to say this only: All is not chaos in the plan for saving the Russian people.

There are important factors at work, no hint of whose existence has reached the outside world. Peace with Japan, when it comes, will not be signed by the present Russian Government; or, rather, it will be ratified by direct representatives of the Russian people.

VOSNEZENSK MASSACRE.

Town Deserted by Strikers and Occupied by the Military.

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—The strike at Voznezensk, where the recent massacre occurred, continues. Rather than submit a considerable portion of the men have accepted field work or employment in other towns.

Voznezensk resembles a military camp. Infantry and cavalry are quartered in the houses and courtyards, and are bivouacking in the streets and squares.

Troops guard the town hall. The Governor of the province has arrived from Vladimr.—Reuter.

PARIS RUMOURS.

PARIS, Friday.—The "Petit Journal" publishes the following telegram from St. Petersburg:—

10.28 p.m.—It is stated that at Odessa the squadron is shelling the rebel battleship and torpedo-boat, which are resisting and trying to torpedo the ships of the squadron.

Midnight.—It is reported that one of the newspapers has received a dispatch from Odessa according to which the insurgent battleship has been sunk with all hands on board.

GENERAL MURDERED AT KISHINEFF.

VIENNA, Friday.—A dispatch from Bucharest says that a general strike has occurred at Kishineff, and that the town is occupied by Cossacks.

General Czernolucki, the Chief of the Besarabian Gendarmerie, was found murdered in his house at Kishineff yesterday.—Central News.

Late Lord St. Helier Leaves Nearly a Quarter of a Million.

Better known as Sir Francis Jeune, the late Right Hon. Francis Henry Baron F. Helier, P.C., G.C.B., left personal estate of the gross value of £223,710 13s. 8d., and real estate value £5,877.

The testator bequeaths a legacy of £1,000 to Lady St. Helier, and the following sums free of legacy duty:—

£1,000 each to his step-daughters.

£300 to Lord Francis Hervey.

£200 to his clerk, Thomas Jewell.

£500 to Hertford College, Oxford, to be expended in the purchase of silver-plate.

All the money at the time of the testator's death invested in shares, stocks, etc., is left to trustees to pay his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, and they are also to pay the annual produce of the trust fund to Lady St. Helier for her own use for life and thereafter until the persons for the time being in the actual possession of the real estate.

The real estate is strictly settled by the testator's will in favour of his brother, Mr. Evan Brownell Jeune, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons in tail.

The testator also settles certain specific articles as heirlooms, and to follow the destination of the real estate.

Finally the testator bequeaths to Lady St. Helier all the residue of any personal estate and effects for her absolute use and control.

ROYAL GUESTS IN THE CITY.

Lord Mayor Honoured by a Decoration from the Mikado.

Despite the dull and threatening weather yesterday, large crowds of people gathered outside York House to see Prince and Princess Arisugawa set out to visit the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, where they were entertained to luncheon.

Included in the brilliant company assembled to do honour to the distinguished visitors were Lord Lansdowne and Mrs. J. Chamberlain, and Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Arnold-Forster.

Prince Arisugawa, replying to the toast of his health, returned thanks for the heartiness of their reception "into this City, the heart of the nation with which my country is allied, both by treaty and by bonds of national sentiment."

Amidst cheers Prince Arisugawa announced that he had just received a telegram from the Mikado, conferring the Order of the Rising Sun on the Lord Mayor, Sir John Pounds.

FRANCE ACCEPTS.

Agrees to German Demand for Conference on Morocco Question.

PARIS, Friday.—It is announced that M. Rouvier will, in the course of the afternoon, hand to Prince Radolin, the German Ambassador, a note to the effect that France accepts the proposal for an International Conference on the subject of Morocco, with the reservation that Germany shall make declarations in conformity with the conversations which have been previously exchanged between the French and German Governments.

If, as is probable, an understanding is established on these conditions, the Franco-German incident is expected to be settled within a week. The idea has been abandoned of having the programme of the questions to be submitted to the Conference drawn up beforehand by the Sultan.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Through colliding off Flamborough Head in a fog the British Government steamer Petroleum, from the Tyne, and the Dundee steamer Hildona, from London, were extensively damaged.

Steamers of the Elder Dempster Line have been dispatched from Lagos to the assistance of the Nigeria (of the same line) which has gone ashore at the entrance of the Forcados River.

Mlle. Brandes, who was sued by the Comédie Francaise for breach of contract, has been ordered to pay £1,000 and deprived of all claim to the benefits of the society. The damages sought were £8,000.

St. Louis, Friday.—Mr. Peter Ediam attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself and apparently succeeded, his pulse stopping for four minutes. The hospital doctors injected a saline solution into the muscular tissues, and in five minutes signs of returning life were observed. It is thought the patient will recover.—Laffan.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable breeze, cold and changeable; fine and sunny periods; rain and thunder locally.

Lighting-up time, 9.18 p.m.
Sea passages will be smooth generally.

Gloomy Skies Spoil Most Outdoor Celebrations.

HARROW BOYS' OVATION.

King Edward's sixty-fourth birthday, on November 9 next, was officially celebrated yesterday under depressing circumstances. Heavy and almost continuous rain compelled the postponement of most of the outdoor celebrations—including the trooping of the colour at the Horse Guards, at which the King himself intended to be present, and a review at Aldershot.

Battleships and cruisers at the great naval ports were dressed in rainbow fashion, and the usual salutes were fired throughout the Empire. Trooping the colour took place at Fort George, Nairn, by the Black Watch; and at Dover, Portsmouth, Ramsey, and many other places, troops and volunteers paraded.

ROYAL VISIT TO HARROW SCHOOL.

But the great event of the day was the visit of the King and Queen to Harrow School. Unfortunately, though the inhabitants of Harrow had made every effort with flags and flowers and loyal greetings to show their loyalty, the day's dismal and persistent drizzle had quite spoiled the decorations.

But hundreds of people assembled in the streets. At the school gates, their Majesties were received by a guard of honour of the school Rifle Corps. When they entered the Speech Room, where were assembled the masters, boys, and old Harrovians, the whole gathering rose to their feet.

When, following the usual custom, the names of the guests were called by the head of the school, the names of the King and Queen evoked cheering so enthusiastic, so continuous, that King Edward and the Queen could only smile and smile again.

SALUTE BY WIRELESS MAGIC.

The novel application of the Marconi wireless system used in opening the new grounds was entirely successful. On the far boundary of the field a flagstaff had been set up with a Royal Standard, made up in a ball, hoisted to the truck. Attached to the flagpost was an apparatus designed and made by an old Harrovian, Captain Frank Acland, late of the Royal Artillery, for the purpose of "breaking" the Royal Standard and firing a salute by wireless electric waves.

His Majesty operated a key from the terrace on Harrow Hill, one and a half miles from the flagpost, and this set free a current of 20,000 volts. The electric waves were "caught" by a receiver at the top of the flagstaff, and passed through a Marconi coherer; thereupon a set of accumulators at the foot of the staff actuated the mechanism, consisting of a set of levers and a weight attached to the halyard of the Royal Standard.

The released weight fell a few feet, and the flag was unfurled.

The usual Ministerial dinners took place in the evening, and Lady Londonderry held a political reception at Londonderry House, after Lord Londonderry had entertained members of the Privy Council at dinner.

Lady Londonderry received her guests at the entrance to the gallery, looking radiantly beautiful and blazoning with the famous Londonderry jewels. Lady Helen Stavordale assisted her mother, and looked, as usual, wonderfully handsome.

THE KING IN SOUTHWARK.

How His Majesty Once Astonished the Verger at St. Saviour's.

Southwark is gaily decorating in preparation for his Majesty's visit next Monday to St. Saviour's Cathedral, to mark its inauguration.

The King and Queen will arrive in semi-state at three o'clock, with Princess Christian and Princess Victoria. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will also attend.

His Majesty has always taken a great interest in St. Saviour's, and this will be his fourth visit.

One of the previous visits was strictly private. As Prince of Wales he went quite unexpectedly; the visitors' book bears his signature and that of his secretary.

The only official present was the verger. Workmen employed in the building did not, in the dim light, recognise him, and were greatly surprised when they heard who had watched their labours.

BUSINESS IN JURY-BOX.

NEW YORK, Friday.—As an instance of how justice is administered in New York it is pointed out that a judge has allowed Mr. Castle, the well-known cotton-broker, who is a juror on a murder trial, to receive frequent market reports, and give business orders during the trial. An eminent criminal lawyer says that Mr. Castle's conduct will give ground for an appeal in case of conviction.—Laffan.

Easily Done If You Can Afford
60,000 Guineas.

BROKER OF DIGNITIES.

I enclose particulars of the title of prince, which can be arranged by adoption; price of same, 60,000 guineas. If you like to pay my expenses I will come over to Paris, and on receipt of the commission note give you an introduction to the Prince, and matters could be arranged in three weeks in England.—Yours faithfully, R. Charlesworth.

This amazing letter, dated from a London office, was recently sent to a gentleman in Paris. It was written in response to an inquiry from one who had heard that he could become a Prince on paying a substantial sum of money.

Mr. Charlesworth, the writer of the letter, was no whit abashed when interviewed on this matter for the *Daily Mirror*.

Chance for Americans.

"I can arrange the title of Prince for you if you have the money and certain credentials," he said.

"My client, a Polish prince of one of the highest families, a man with royal blood in his veins, is willing to adopt any man who is able to pay so long as he has not a bad reputation.

"The Prince is sixty-five years of age and childless. If he adopts anyone—and though there are many legal formalities to be gone through the adoption could be completed in a few weeks—that person at once becomes a prince.

"I had practically arranged for one rich young man to be thus adopted, but the Prince found out that he bore a bad reputation, and, therefore, refused to accept his money."

And in support of his statements as to the title for sale, Mr. Charlesworth produced several letters written on crested notepaper and signed by the Prince. He also showed a photograph of the Polish noble.

Broker in Titles.

"There is nothing astonishing in such a transaction," said Mr. Charlesworth. "I have already arranged three such affairs, though the titles were not so high. I know twenty foreign Counts who are willing to adopt men in the same way for about £2,000 each. Of course, each noble can only adopt one heir to his title."

The gentleman who makes these offers is perhaps best known by his efforts as a matrimonial agent. He claims to have arranged nearly 13,000 marriages, for which, he says, he has received from his grateful clients sums varying between £10 and many hundreds.

KING RECEIVES AMERICANS.

New York Riflemen Delighted by His Majesty's Friendly Reception.

The officers and men of the American National Guards who were presented to King Edward at Buckingham Palace yesterday were loud in his Majesty's praises.

"We did not realise his great personal magnetism before," said Captain McAlpine. "He was so friendly to all of us and put us so much at our ease that he might have been an American."

"He has got the reputation for doing exactly the right thing at the right time, and he struck us as he was right up to his reputation," said one of the privates.

The team of fourteen men have come over from New York at the invitation of Sir Howard Vincent to shoot a match against the Queen's Westminsters at Bisley on July 7.

They went to Buckingham Palace in full uniform, and the American Ambassador and Sir Howard Vincent were present at the reception.

ANOTHER CHANNEL SWIMMER.

Yet another swimmer who means to attempt to swim the Channel. He is Mr. Stearne, a well-known instructor, employed by the Manchester Corporation at their Leaf-street baths.

The attempt will be made about the middle of August. Mr. Stearne has swum three miles in a bath in 1 hr. 33 min.

MOTOR-CARS IN HYDE PARK.

Lord Roslyn has given notice to ask in the House of Lords whether the order excluding motor-cars from Hyde Park has been aimed at any particular section of society, and, if not, whether electric carriages may not again be allowed to enter the Park during the hours at present forbidden to them.

Well-Known Actress's Wedding Delayed for Lack of Marriage Licence.

Miss Grace Hawthorne, the popular actress of many well-known melodramas, has never had a more trying scene to play on the stage than fell to her lot in real life on Thursday.

A few weeks ago she became engaged to marry a young actor, Mr. Bernard Sergeant, and the wedding was fixed for ten o'clock in the morning at the Roman Catholic Oratory, Brompton.

Punctually at ten Miss Hawthorne arrived and found the bridegroom awaiting her. But, alas! when the registrar, who was in attendance to see that the priest tied the marriage knot correctly, asked for the licence, it was not to be found.

Mr. Sergeant turned first, then, while he searched his pockets in vain. He had left the precious document at home. So off he had to go in a cab to fetch it, while the bride waited for him close upon forty minutes.

After that the ceremony went without any further hitch, and later on Mr. and Mrs. Sergeant, whose ages were given as twenty-six and thirty-three respectively, left for their honeymoon.

CARUSO, CARICATURIST.

Famous Tenor Burlesqued Himself for the "Daily Mirror."

"You want me to make you a caricature of myself," said Signor Caruso, the great Italian tenor, whose success at Covent Garden has been greater this year than ever, to the *Daily Mirror*. "But how do you know I can draw caricatures?"

It was explained that Signor Caruso's fame as a comic draughtsman had spread far and wide:



Signor Caruso's caricature of Signor Caruso.

He sketches all his visitors, and very often presents them with his humorous parodies of their features.

"I draw always profiles," he said, "and always the left side of the face. It is easier. Why? I cannot tell you. But I know it is a fact. Try for yourself."

"I talk to my sitters, but I do not like them to talk to me. If they do, I have to say, 'Silenzio.' I want their faces always in repose."

"While I have been talking, I have done this of myself for you. You see I am singing loud. It is like my own voice. You wish to flatter, I think. Addio, signore; a riverella."

HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY.

Quarrels with and Fires Two Revolver Shots at His Lodger.

Jealousy is believed to be the cause of a startling crime committed at Crewe.

A tailor named Broughton, living in Vincent-street, on his arrival home at night, quarrelled with a lodger named Peter Young.

When Mrs. Broughton retired Broughton took Young into the parlour and, it is alleged, discharged two bullets at him from a revolver. One bullet entered just above the ear and the other in the neck.

The report brought in the police, who arrested Broughton.

Yesterday, before the magistrates, he was charged with feloniously shooting Young with intent to murder him, and was remanded for a week.

Young lies in hospital in a critical condition.

Attached to a card of cheap microscopes, marked a shilling each, in a Manchester shop, is a card with the notice: "These are the cheapest microscopes ever offered for the money."

New Legal Means of Securing Widow and Orphan.

SIR E. CARSON SPEAKS OUT

People who have money to leave behind them will be interested in the fate of a Bill which was discussed in the House of Commons yesterday, entitled the Public Trustee and Executor Bill.

This measure will set up a Government department which will act as trustee and executor. People will be able to leave funds in the hands of this department to be administered, with full Government security behind it.

The Bill has been framed in view of the increasing number of cases in which solicitors, acting as executors and trustees, have defrauded their clients.

Strangely enough a determined effort is being made by certain members of the legal profession to kill the Bill, but these are being met by such noted lawyers as Sir Robert Reid and the Solicitor-General, Sir E. Carson.

It was a Bill to promote honesty, said Sir Robert Reid in the House yesterday, and had been introduced in consequence of the robberies of small estates.

No Bill was more absolutely required than this for the protection of the public, said the Solicitor-General. Every day he had letters telling the most horrifying details by widows and others of the savings of a lifetime having been wasted by the misappropriation of funds by improper persons.

On the part of some solicitors there was a regular trap to get people who consulted them to name them as trustees. This was not a compulsory Bill. Nobody need employ the public trustee. A great many solicitors would prevent him being employed.

He knew a case where a man, an ex-president of the Incorporated Law Society and chairman of the Discipline Committee of that body, had for twenty-five years lived in luxury on the misappropriation of funds.

Several amendments were discussed, and subsequently progress was reported.

HORSE IN A DRAPER'S.

Carriage Dashes Into Peter Robinson's and Causes Dismay.

There was a scene of wild excitement in Oxford-street yesterday afternoon.

A cab-horse coming out of Marlborough-street took fright and bolted across the crowded street at full gallop.

It collided with a victoria, whose horse, also becoming frightened, dashed into the doorway of Peter Robinson's.

It smashed two of the large windows, knocked down and trampled on a middle-aged lady, injuring her so severely that she was removed unconscious to the Midland Hospital.

The man plucked through the door, and its mad career was only ended by the inability of the carriage to enter after it.

The animal was with difficulty unharnessed and the carriage removed.

PARK ROYAL FIASCO.

Tenpence in the Shilling Spent in Advertising, but "People Won't Come."

"It is deplorable," said Sir Ernest Clarke, secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Park Royal yesterday. He was looking sadly at the 112 acres of almost deserted show-ground.

Persistent drizzle accounted in part for the scant attendance yesterday, but in spite of strenuous attempts to revive popular interest, in spite of the splendid example set by the King, last night saw the close of another disastrous show.

Sir Jacob Wilson, the hon. director, told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that his experience had shown him that a district with a large "walking population" was best for a show.

"The people won't come," he said; "you would hardly believe it, but last year our advertising expenses amounted to 10d. a head of those who paid for admission."

In 1903, 65,013 persons paid for admission; in 1904, 52,980; yesterday's returns show a total of less than 26,000. It must be remembered that this year the show only lasted four days instead of five as hitherto.

But the society still thrives. The number of entries of stock for 1905 has been a record one.

SEA-WATER FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

A prominent French scientist, who holds that sea-water is the true normal medium for living creatures, has been making experiments with it in the treatment of consumption.

Diluted sea-water, injected under the skin, has, he claims, greatly improved the condition of fifteen out of eighteen patients.

"Warm, Sunny Periods" Diluted by Thunderstorms.

People who are going or have gone away for the week-end must expect to take their Saturday-to-Monday pleasures diluted by thunder showers.

The best hope that the weather experts can offer them is that there will be "warm, sunny periods."

Where the thunder showers will fall heaviest, and where the sunny periods will be the most prolonged, is more than the weatherwise can attempt to say.

This uncertainty among the experts is attributed by them to the exceedingly unmodified movements of the barometer, which has been rising by unseasonably jerks. For when the barometer jerks, even in an upward direction, "unsettled" is the only safe word to use in forecasts and inferences.

In spite of the gloomy, half-hearted views of the weather forecasts, the week-end outlook was yesterday evening greater than those of preceding week-ends. On crowded terminus platforms, where people in a fierce struggle to get their luggage labelled used their umbrellas to fence with one another, and tried to smother each other with machinist's, one heard such sentiments as these gasped:—

"Anything to get out of this Turkish bath of a town."

"Even if it rains all day in the country the air will at least be fresh."

"Thew! I wonder whether I could get a ticket for the North."

It was dread of remaining in town rather than response to the beckoning of the country that was packing the trains.

SMOKY THAMES STEAMERS.

L.C.C. Fleet Declared To Be Sadly Defective as Regards Their Stoking Arrangements.

"If the new Thames steamers cannot be improved as regards their fires and stoking arrangements, the river," says "The Times," "bids fair to flow under a dense and offensive pall of smoke."

Thereby, it is alleged, the beauty of the Embankment will be sadly marred, and the pleasure of a journey by water will be utterly destroyed.

It is suggested that the funnels of the new steamers are too short, and the London County Council are urged to show their sincerity of purpose in the suppression of smoke nuisances generally by proving that river steamers need not produce smoke and vitiate otherwise fresh and pure river air.

MRS. BROWN-POTTER'S SALE.

Frying-Pans and French Cabinets Realise High Prices.

It was a very heterogeneous crowd which thronged Bray Lodge, Mrs. Brown-Potter's Maidenhead residence yesterday, on the occasion of the sale of her furniture and objets d'art. Tall, young Guardsmen and pretty women stood cheek by jowl with dusky gentlemen of pronouncedly Hebrew names.

The objects to be bid for were as much "mixed" as the bidders.

A small and ancient, though not "antique," kitchen table was the first thing put up. It sold for 10s. 6d. Frying-pans, beautiful Sheraton furniture, and Louis XV. chairs and tables followed each other in bewildering confusion.

Some of the latter fetched as much as £12. An Aubusson carpet realised £22. In fact, most things fetched much more than their real value—perhaps in sympathy for the popular actress's distress. Mrs. Brown-Potter herself was not present.

FOR HOLIDAY SEEKERS.

A New Book of Permanent Interest for Those Who Want to Leave Town.

New publications appear day after day. Most of these have an ephemeral existence, others are destined to remain long with us. These latter invariably supply a want and fulfil some real purpose, and among them may be classed the *Daily Mirror* Holiday Resort Guide.

The compilation of this travelling book has crammed within its eighty pages most useful information to all holiday seekers. Much that has hitherto been disconnected and sometimes impossible to get has here been brought together and classified.

Everyone anticipating a holiday should first consult this excellent book. It gives not only all the necessary information regarding the various country and seaside resorts, but a list of the best apartments and hotels. It should also be of interest to the cyclist, angler, pedestrian, and sportsman in general. A useful map is included, and some excellent illustrations. The price is threepence.

Operas in Yiddish are to be given at the Standard Theatre, Bishopsgate, E. The movement is receiving strong support in the East End.

VIKING WEDDING.

Pair To Be United with Pomp of Middle Ages.

THE BRIDAL BARGE.

All the glamour of the Middle Ages will surround the wedding of the young Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Bellingham at Bellingham Castle, Co. Louth.

It will be a Viking marriage, for after the ceremony itself the bridegroom will carry off his bride by sea to his home in Scotland.

Everything is now in readiness for the ceremony on Thursday. The ss. Princess Maud has been chartered, and on Monday an army of Lord Bute's servants and retainers will leave for Ireland. Medieval costumes will be worn, and every circumstance of an old Scottish wedding will be carried out.

The festivities will commence on Tuesday, when over 100 guests, including the Duke of Norfolk, will attend a garden party at Bellingham.

Then at ten o'clock on Thursday morning in the little fishing village of Annagassan amid scenes of mediæval splendour the wedding ceremony will be performed.

The parish priest—the Rev. Father Fagan—wearing white and gold vestments, will perform the ceremony. The priest-Diess for the bride and bridegroom and bridesmaids will be draped in blue and gold—Lord Bute's colours—whilst the whole of the chancel wall will be hung with crimson damask.

Boat of Bridal White.

On reaching the seashore after the wedding the bridal party will receive the final good wishes of the tenants of Castle Bellingham.

Two miles from the shore the Princess Maud will be in waiting with steam up. At a given signal a white barge will draw up to the landing-stage, and the bride and bridegroom will embark.

The boat will be manned by rowers, wearing white trousers, jerseys, and scarlet caps embroidered with the Bellingham arms. In the prow of the vessel will fly the Irish flag, and at the stern will be the Scotch flag.

Five other white barges will follow in procession, the one behind that of the bride and bridegroom bearing Lord Bute's fourteen pipers, who will play the bagpipes as the boats pull out to the ship.

The first part of the honeymoon will be spent at Mochrum Park, on the Wigton moors, the Marquis and Marchioness proceeding after a few days to Mount Stuart, the family seat upon the Island of Bute.

NEW FASHION IN TROUSERS.

Conversion of a Sack Into Impromptu Kilt Leads to Trouble.

Wearing a sack in lieu of trousers, and nothing else but a shirt and jacket, Nathaniel Buffoon caused great excitement in Wells-street, Hackney, on Thursday evening by "threatening to fight somebody." So a policeman took him into custody.

It appeared at North London Police Court yesterday that the bottom of the sack had been cut off, so that the resulting garment rather resembled the "garb of Old Gaul" than trousers. Buffoon, who is fifty-seven years old, pleaded that he sent a man to pawn his trousers, and as the miscreant did not return with the money Buffoon put on the sack and went forth hastily to seek him. Mr. Fordham bound the man over.

TRAGEDY OF PLEASURE.

Boy Killed by Falling Out of a Sunday-School Trip Train.

The Margate outing of a Finchley Sunday-school had a sad ending.

Returning homewards in the train, a little lad named Allwood leaped out of the window to wave his hand to a boy in another compartment. He overbalanced, and with a scream fell on to the line.

His mother and sisters, who were in the carriage with him, gave the alarm, and the train was pulled up. But the poor little fellow was in a dying condition.

His body was taken to Whitstable mortuary, and with spirits sadly dashed by the tragedy the excursionists returned to London.

DESERVING OF NO MERCY.

Within a week of being forgiven for embezzlement by his master, Alfred Jordan, a carman, began embezzling again.

He appropriated nearly £300 of the money of his employer, a Fulham laundry proprietor, and finally absconded with it. Sentenced to two months' hard labour.

Reduction Comes Into Operation To-day and Causes Immense Labour.

As the thrifty housewife drinks her refreshing morning cup of tea to-day she will be cheered to an unwonted degree by the thought that tea is 2d. per lb. cheaper.

The announcement in April that 2d. would be taken off tea on July 1 has had far-reaching effects upon the tea market. Thirty-six million pounds, for instance, have accumulated in the great warehouses, retail dealers avoiding as far as possible making further purchases, content to let their stocks run very low.

Foreseeing the immense amount of business that would take place on July 1, to avoid congestion and disappointment the Chancellor of the Exchequer approved of temporary bonded warehouses being opened at 230 railway stations in all parts of England.

"We have sent out at least 20,000 chests of tea during the last fortnight," said one of the best-known wholesale merchants yesterday to the *Daily Mirror*—"2,000,000lbs. We have been working late for ten days, and shall work all night to-night."

London's Great Custom House opened at midnight, and outside all the warehouses and wharves rows of railway vans were in waiting. The London and North-Western Railway alone sent out a hundred vans, each capable of carrying three tons.

The tea was dispatched mostly by goods train, to be delivered on Monday, but special terms had been made for urgent orders to be sent by passenger train. The Great Eastern Railway Company will send off to-day double the quantity they usually send in a week.

Another railway company informed the *Daily Mirror* that they had been sending on to the special bonded warehouses throughout the kingdom more than 1,000 chests daily for a fortnight past.

MR. HENRY FARMER,



Author of the powerful new serial story, "One False Step," which commences in to-day's issue of the "Daily Mirror."

SLEEP NEAR THE DEAD.

Terrible Domestic Tragedy in a North of England Village.

Summoned to Grassmere House, a substantial villa in the village of Monkseaton, near Newcastle, late on Thursday night, the police found Dorothy Barber, aged sixty-six, wife of George Best Barber, a retired sea-going engineer, lying dead in the passage near the pantry with her throat cut.

Upstairs upon his bed the police found her husband asleep with a bloodstained taze by his side, and on the floor was a revolver with three chambers discharged.

He was aroused and taken into custody, but was still unfit to plead yesterday, suffering from the effects of drink.

PUPIL OF B'ER RABBIT.

"Did you make any remark," a witness was asked at Wood Green yesterday, "when you saw them put the things in a sack?"

Witness: Yes.
"What did you say?"
Witness: Nothing.

MISSING "TRUNK" WITNESS.

Mr. Perron, Devereux's solicitor, is anxiously searching for a man named Henry Cox, who proffered evidence on behalf of the accused, and who has since changed his residence.

The missing Mrs. Harries has not yet communicated with his defence, and it is feared she has been persuaded to stay away in order to avoid certain legal complications.

Why English People Take Their Holidays Abroad.

NEED FOR REFORM.

Who has not had to complain of the deficiencies of the average English inn? And who after a walking or cycling tour in rural France or Belgium has not contrasted with feelings of envy the civility and plentiful fare of the Continental coffee-room with the chilly, moral atmosphere and ill-filled table of the English rural inn?

The subject is interestingly discussed by a correspondent of the "Lancet," who has been making a tour in Kent, near Tunbridge Wells.

"I stopped," he says, "at one place which is famous for one of the historic English houses, and which also boasts an 'institute' erected by some philanthropist for the providing of light refreshments. Here, being a hot day, I asked for a lemon squash. 'We've no lemons,' was the answer. I inquired if lemons could not be got in the village, there being a grocer's shop some twenty yards away. 'No,' said the man in charge, 'there's no such thing to be got in—.' So I had to go myself, buy two lemons, and come back, when I was grudgingly provided with some flat soda-water out of a syphon and some sugar."

Only Tinned Tongues.

At another inn every outside prospect pleased, and only the catering was vile. The traveller asked if he could have some lunch. "'No,' said the lady in black, 'we're nothing in the house. If you like to wait half an hour we can give you a chop or a steak.' 'Nothing cold,' I said. 'No, there's no demand for it.' Eventually the gentleman in grey said he thought there was cold tinned tongue. There was, and I had it.

A few days later I called at an inn the building of which dates back to about 1450 in places. Here an almost exactly similar scene was repeated. Again I was offered a chop or a steak; again I had to put up with a tinned tongue (American).

"Is it any wonder," asks the traveller, "that people prefer to go to Normandy or Brittany, where one is always sure, even in a little village, of civility, a good omelette, fresh vegetables, and generally a little soup?"

The "Lancet" suggests that if an innkeeper would lay himself out to provide travellers with a simple, cleanly meal of cold beef, fresh salad, lemons, strawberries, and other fruit when in season, and would at charge a bicycle against a wall, he would reap his reward.

NEWS BY CAMERA.

The Advance of Modern Journalism Demonstrated in a Remarkable Manner.

From the day when photography took its place as one of the recognised arts it was destined to achieve great things in the interests of the people; and in these present days, when it has reached such a marvellous state of perfection, the power and utility of pictorial art are obviously greater than ever.

Convincing proof of this may be seen every Friday in the "Illustrated Mail," intimately associated with the "Daily Mail" as its weekly edition. In this weekly journal the whole of the week's news is told in a series of powerful, graphic, and artistic photographs, which, by their clearness and precision which leaves nothing to be desired, and which makes it, at the price of a penny, one of the most valuable and entertaining productions of modern journalism. This week's edition of the "Illustrated Mail" is now on sale at all booksellers and newsgathers.

FOOD OF THE STARVING.

Relieving Officer Committed for Trial on an Unusual Charge.

Leo Goodwin, a relieving officer, was yesterday committed for trial at West Ham on a charge of converting to his own use moneys entrusted to him. It was stated that he had withheld cash entrusted to him for the relief of the suffering poor. In some cases it was alleged that bread and groceries had never reached the starving persons for whom they were intended.

The supposed frauds extended over a period when distress was most acute at West Ham, and the result of investigation indicated that about eighty separate cases had occurred.

The total sum withheld was estimated at £104.

HUMAN BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.

A fat-faced, sleepy young man, named Ebbis, stood in the Marylebone Police Court yesterday charged with begging. He appeared in a comatose state. The assistant-gaoler said that during the preceding two hours he had eaten three half-quartern loaves and drunk a quart of water.

Mr. Plowden: One month.

Hubb Censured for Being Shod His Wife.

After being shot by his own wife as a burglar Mr. Robert Dennis, a Norfolk horse-dealer, was yesterday censured at the Old Bailey by a jury peers.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis were married in 1899, did not live happily and separated, Mrs. D. going to live with her niece in Kensington.

Early in the morning of May 30 last Dennis broke into the house by the kitchen window. His movements seemed to have awoken his wife, for she appeared at the top of the stairs in a dressing-gown, with a revolver in her hand.

"Who's there?" she asked. Almost immediately there was a report, and a bullet struck him in the knee.

The Recorder in the course of the case observed that if a burglar entered a house occupied by a defenceless woman, and she fires a revolver to frighten him, which, I understand, is the defence in case, she does not do an unlawful act.

The wife then gave evidence on her own behalf, saying she mistook her husband for a burglar. She did not recognise his voice.

Addressing the jury, the Recorder asked the husband did not go to his wife in the kitchen and not enter the house like a thief of the house. A woman firing under such circumstances was guilty of an unlawful act.

The jury, acquitted the accused, and expressed the hope that the husband would be secured.

The Recorder: That is quite out of my province, gentlemen; but the husband hears what you said.

MISS DOUGHTY'S CASE.

Lady Grove Speaks of the Undue Severity of the Sentence.

Miss Florence Doughty's relatives are being with letters protesting against the sentence of years' penal servitude passed on her for shooting Mr. Swan and his son, solicitors, in Oxford. Her father, who is quite crushed by the thought of his daughter's terrible fate, says: "He deliberately and maliciously meditated murder could not have got a worse sentence."

As exclusively announced in the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, an appeal together with the evidence, is being forwarded to the Secretary by the solicitors who conducted the defence.

Lady Grove was most emphatic yesterday on the subject.

"Such a sentence as seven years for the murder of a man," she said, "is a case to be considered by the Judge."

Lady Grove, who is the wife of Sir Walter Grove, is the authoress of many well-known novels. She combines in a rare degree great intelligence and personal beauty.

Mr. Justice Grantham's judgments continue to excite wonder. Yesterday he sentenced a woman who was indicted for wilful murder and guilty of manslaughter to twelve months' labour.

GIRL'S ELOPEMENT.

Goes Away with a Widower and Leaves Note on Her Pillow.

Consternation has been caused in the Liverpool, by a note found pinned to her pillow.

"I am married and I am going to my husband," she was married, a few hours later, Pantaleon Constantinos de Loghades, ex-Consul at Liverpool, and the couple are to be married in Paris.

While she is only sixteen, he was a widower three children of whom two years older than his bride. Miss Rudlock was at school with his daughters, and the friendship between two girls led to a pleasant family party. Wyn Bay last year, out of which developed attachment which culminated in Miss Rudlock's marriage by special licence at St. Nicholas Church, Liverpool.

ANOTHER MOAT MYSTERY.

A well-dressed woman noticed loitering in the picturesque Moat Farm, Copford, was later seen to sit down as if in pain. Next day she was found drowned in the moat. She before stated she was a lady cook out of employment.

INCORRUPTIBLE PORTER.

"Come home with me and have a drink," said James Wilson, when asked by Great Eastern Railway porter why he tried first class to Forest Gate on a third class ticket. He was fined 20s. with 9s. costs at West yesterday.

KENT'S BRILLIANT VICTORY AT HULL.

Rain Stops Play in Most Matches

—A. P. Day's Splendid Batting.

RIVAL 'VARSITIES.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

One used to hear a doggerel when very young—

"Rain, rain, go to Spain,
Never more come back again."

Apparently the aforesaid rain took the wish as the permanent acquisition of the Spaniards when the King came over, for Jupiter Pluvius danced attendance on him during, practically, the whole time that his Majesty was over here on his royal visit.

Perhaps we cannot cavil, except from the royal guest's point of view, at the rain taking us at our word; but after the King of Spain—who might be called the King of Rain's—departure, Jupiter Pluvius might have followed his fortunes back to his own kingdom.

Most of the first-class matches yesterday were utterly stopped or spoilt by rain.

The few matches that were contested, were played under conditions that were quite unfair to the side that lost the toss on the first day, in spite of Yorkshire's failure.

It is an old, though young cricket maxim—'young because it is of comparatively recent birth, old because it has been so frequently admitted and proved—that a side should get over 250 on a plumb, hard wicket, in its first innings; and that a side does well to get 150 in either innings on a soft, difficult wicket.

The last two days have proved some of the truth of a sweeping statement.

Advisedly a sweeping statement, as no such fixed rule can apply to the game of alternate surprises!

A GAME OF CONTRASTS.

The game of games, the contest par excellence of this week, has been that between Yorkshire and Kent. Yorkshire won the toss on a home wicket and went in first. From the ordinary point of view, barring always Lancashire as their antagonists, the game was over. Yorkshire have five men out of the thirteen chosen for Leeds; Yorkshire shines as a batting side on a soft wicket; Yorkshire has no superior as a bowling side among all the counties, especially in the third innings; and yet Yorkshire "went through it," to voice the vulgar, and went through it badly.

Sixty-seven behind on the first knock is not a nice state of affairs, especially when the wicket is not too easy; yet Yorkshire have been in the same position times without number and won the match "hands down." Yesterday they failed, and failed badly, Rhodes and Rothery alone batting well for them.

No Yorkshire bowler bowled up to his merits. True, Haigh got three cheap wickets; but, then, the bowling fell down badly before the batting of Blaker and Day. Admittedly, both are good wet-wicket bats. Blaker proved his preference for a wet wicket while up at Cambridge more than his more famous brother, S. H., is only in his first year of county cricket.

THE MALVERN RECRUIT.

That A. P. Day is a fine player for his age there can be no doubt. He was supposed to be a finer player than G. W. Foster last year at Malvern, and that is sufficient praise for any player "under age." The Malvern ground is easy; the Hull ground is difficult. Surely, Yorkshire!

Sussex was stiff. Fry, failing badly in the first innings for only 43, was not out thirteen in the second. Grimstead: Fry failed before the last Test match, and then played two priceless innings, despite the critics; Fry has failed again for him; wherefore, such a player cannot fail again at Leeds, unless given out caught at the wicket or leg-before wrongly, or selfishly run out. Given decent weather, "The Strugglers" should burst Gloucester to-day, although they have yet to get "The Master" out twice. Possibly he will vary his game to-day and play stick-hustle—a game which he can play if it is needed—and so save the game.

On a wet wicket one will be very sorry not to see Jessop at Leeds.

'VARSITIES' IDEAL.

Rain spoils the games of the rival 'Varsities yesterday. Their doings at present and their chances next week are only second in interest to the doings of the England and Australian teams at Leeds.

At present it is impossible to get a line on the two teams. Oxford will play at Lord's on Monday and Tuesday, and that match should show something definite. But as to-day is Cambridge's last day out, it will not be easy to gauge exactly what they can do on the shifting form they have portrayed this year. F. B. WILSON.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Lyttelton stated in a Parliamentary Paper yesterday that at the beginning of last month there were employed in Transvaal gold mines 16,676 white men, 106,864 coloured, and 38,111 Chinese.

Tipple and Beer were the surnames of plaintiff and defendant respectively in a case at Bow County Court yesterday.

During a terrific thunderstorm at Wilmslow, Cheshire, Mrs. Timperley, of Lindow Common, was struck blind by lightning.

Half the inhabitants of the village of Enderby, near Leicester, are without water. In some instances the villagers have to travel a mile to obtain supplies.

Asked by a Rochdale school-teacher what the price of one pound of potatoes would be if a stone cost 2s., a little girl said: "Please, I don't know. I don't fetch potatoes; our Willie does it."

Born of Bengal parents at Blackpool a young tiger cub is being reared by a collic in the menagerie of the Tower Company, whilst a black retriever is acting as foster-mother to the offspring of two leopards.

Although both his arms are cut off at the elbows, and hooks are substituted, the landlord of the Globe Hotel, Portsmouth, can draw corks, serve beer, and give change, even at the busiest hours, with the smartest of barnen.

Passengers waiting at Loughborough (Leicestershire) Midland Station were astonished to see a hen impaled on the buffer of an engine. Two miles from Loughborough the train had run into a number of fowls, killing several.

Built of stout oak in the fourteenth century, the famous old King's Head Inn, High-street, Hull, is being pulled down. At the rear was a large courtyard surrounded by galleries upon which the bedrooms of the guests opened.

A swarm of bees attacked a brood of young chickens at Chittlehampton, Devon, and stung eleven to death.

Wrens have built a nest in the cavity immediately under the Bible at the top of the lectern of the small church of Cilgwyn, in Pembrokeshire. They are not to be disturbed.

Unclaimed by its owner, a nugget of pure gold which was put up for auction at a sale of goods lost by the absent-minded people of Salford fetched £2. Ships' compasses formed another lot.

By a strange coincidence, Charles Hacon, a Balachava veteran, passed away at Orford in the same hour, on the same day, and in the same month as his son Ernest died seven years ago.

Recommendation was made by the Lord Provost's Committee yesterday that the freedom of the city should be conferred upon Sir George White, who, representing the King, is to visit Edinburgh next Thursday to unveil the Gordon Highlanders' memorial on the Castle Esplanade.

Amusement was caused in Nottingham Police Court by the sudden popping of the corks of two bottles of stout, over which three burly officers were standing guard whilst a trial was proceeding. The heat was responsible for the incident, the most laughable feature of which was the unexpected shower-bath received by the policemen.

PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA AT TOOTING.



Reception of Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein by the Mayor of Tooting at the Home for the Aged Poor, where her Royal Highness opened a sale of work.

White gloves were presented to Mr. Justice Kennedy at Appleby yesterday, there being no cases for trial at Westmorland Assizes.

Dealing with religious duty in the course of a remarkable sermon, the Rev. E. A. Tugman, vicar of Newton-under-Roseberry, North Yorkshire, said: "We walk arm-in-arm with the Devil instead of casting him out."

It was announced yesterday that arrangements are being made for the amalgamation of Messrs. Marston, Thompson and Sons, Ltd., and Messrs. Sidney Evershed, two of the oldest brewing firms in Burton-on-Trent.

Examiners of private Bills of the House of Lords passed the Money Bill of the London County Council and the Metropolitan Electric Tramways Bill yesterday, and the measures were sent forward for second reading.

Mr. James Hetherington, master of Westward (Cumberland) School for forty-two years, who retires next month, has covered over 12,000 miles in his journeys backwards and forwards to teach the young idea how to sift.

"I sell enough candy from a barrow," said a debtor at Bow County Court yesterday, "but no one seems to have had a cough lately." "Perhaps," rejoined the Judge, "after to-day's weather your business will improve."

Two florins, six shillings, one sixpence, and four halfpennies, stolen by a woman at Leeds, were found concealed in her mouth. In sentencing her at the Quarter Sessions, the Recorder said she must have had a "capacious mouth."

Mile End Guardians propose to take steps for the emigration of orphan and deserted children in their homes to Canada.

Thirty-eight years ago to-day the Dominion of Canada came into existence by the British North America Act passed by Parliament.

Dashing through the streets of Leicester a runaway horse finally crashed through the plate-glass window of a photographic establishment yesterday, and fell right into the shop.

Southwark's mayor received intimation yesterday that the King and Queen will be pleased to receive an address from the Borough Council when they visit Southwark Cathedral on Monday.

So encouraging was the success of General Booth's motor tour last summer that he is now contemplating another and more extended tour for August and part of September next.

Water shortage in South London, it was stated at yesterday's meeting of the Metropolitan Water Board, was caused by the recent heavy storms choking the filters in the Lambeth area.

Mr. Morrell, M.P. for the Woodstock Division of Oxfordshire, is to ask the President of the Board of Agriculture whether tuberculosis in fowls may or may not be communicated by food to human beings.

Replying to Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P., yesterday, Mr. Gerald Balfour stated that in 1903 the death-rate per thousand births of infants under the age of twelve months was 143 in urban counties and 107 in rural counties.

DISMAL DAY ON 'CHANGE.

Clouds in Russia and Morocco

Depress the House.

TWO FAILURES.

CAPITAL COURT, Friday Evening.—Stock markets started badly. There was the Odessa news to upset the foreign Bourses, and there was the uncertainty pending the definite news about the German reply to France on the Morocco question.

Even more to the point were our own domestic troubles on the Stock Exchange. One celebrated Rugby football international came to grief. Mr. Andrew Mackinnon was a broker not of many years' standing. His failure to-day caused another firm to come down. This was the firm of Easterbrook and Watson, dealers in South African mining shares, with whom Mr. Mackinnon had an extensive account open. In normal times it perhaps would not have mattered, but the firm realised how difficult it was to sell out without further substantial losses in these times, and saw no alternative but to declare themselves "defaulters." Great sympathy was expressed with them.

Then it was said that a big outside foreign option dealer had let another firm on the Stock Exchange in very heavily. This matter, in fact, was referred to yesterday. Fortunately the Stock Exchange firm in question was said to have been able to arrange its affairs to-day with alacrity, with all this uncertainty and talk of disaster, the markets were not in a jovial mood. The best that could be said for them was that they were more cheerful at the finish.

CONSOLS BELOW 90.

The Consol settlement is near at hand, and this, together with the difficulties noted above, would account for the dull tone of the leading security at 89 7/8. So Consols are below 90 again, although money prospects certainly seem cheerful enough, and the rise in the French exchange relaxes the demand on our gold resources for Paris. In the course of the next few days many millions of dividend money will be released, and this will all be in favour of the investment market.

Home Rails are quite under a cloud. The more people consider dividend prospects, the less they seem to like them. Earlier hopes have proved falsified, and we have now to make our minds up to a number of small decreases in the half-yearly dividends. And, as business is so slack and trade uncertain, the Home Railway market droops. There is only one good spot, and that is the Underground section, on the imminent electrical traffic. American Rails overnight had been sold by Wall Street to secure profits. The truth is the American public have not backed up the professional speculative recovery. They are very coy, and with political and other uncertainties, there seems nothing to do but to sell out again. But at one time there was an attempt made to put up prices to-day. New York would have none of it, and the close was heavy.

The buying from the provinces of Grand Trunks, which was the feature yesterday, suddenly dried up to-day with the difference in the prevailing conditions. That is the best proof that it was only a professional movement.

RUSSIAN BONDS HEAVY.

Naturally, with the news from Odessa and fears of revolution, Russian bonds were decidedly heavy. They were only 87½. But Japanese bonds kept fairly firm. Some say the loan may be out next week. All the bad Russian news makes for peace. Paris and the other foreign bourses were naturally rather concerned over the news from Russia, and so practically everything in the list of Foreign Government securities was inclined to droop.

The general depression checked the Argentine land group, which had recently shown such decided signs of improvement.

Kaffirs, of course, felt the Paris weakness, but were mainly concerned with the settlement difficulties. They were very flat all round. The issue of 100,000 Zambesia shares at 41s. each knocked out Zambesia and other Rhodesians. The necessity for so much fresh capital in the Rhodesian group is anything but liked. Other mining markets are dull, without much feature.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SPECULATION (One Who wants to Know): Only outside brokers deal on the cover system. We do not advise you to deal with them. You will soon lose your money on that basis. Better wait till you can invest.—ROYAL MAIL (E. S. W.): The company has now probably turned the corner.

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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1905.

DO WE SYMPATHISE WITH REVOLUTIONARIES?

AT the mass of the British nation does sympathise with the Russians who are striving for revolution seems to be. Let us see if we can find out why. Many people think it is because they are against Despotism. But Despotism is not necessarily a bad thing. It is conceivable by a very good thing. Despotism was really a man fitted to rule a nation—wiser and nobler-minded and seeing than his subjects—then his government would be ideally good. In the same way, a Bureaucracy—i.e., government by officials—would be as good as the officials were all both capable and anxious of doing the right thing. It is not against the principle of Autocracy the principle of Bureaucracy that the nations are struggling. They are resolved to rid of them both, if they can, for the Autocrat in Russia they are both gigantic and terrible. Autocrat is not really wise and noble and far-seeing; he only pretends to be. Bureaucrats are not actuated solely by desire to do their best for their country; they want to do the best they can for themselves. The result is that everything in Russia is done by the Autocrat is feeble and unwholesome over everything that is done by Bureaucrats there hangs a pestilential cloud of corruption and self-interest. It is what the Russian revolutionaries are fighting against—against Shams. And that is the British race, which still hates a (though sometimes of late it has seemed growing too tolerant of them at home), naturally watches their struggle with sympathetic interest. H. H. F.

RAILWAY STATION BAR.

At a quaintly pathetic ring there is in the lament made by a firm of railway station refreshment contractors that, even though they lower their prices, they do not increase business. One of their branches, it appears, they had their charges 25 per cent., "but the remained about the same." A pathetic, and to business-like minds the thing, thing is that the firm has not yet learned the obvious lesson of this experience. When a tradesman finds that people will not his wares at any price, it is high time to change them. It is not so much the prices of food and drink at railway stations which keep travellers from the refreshment rooms. It is the rail-road and the railway whisky and the railway bun. One who possesses a self-respecting character would insult it by the offer of these, if they were given away for nothing. One can always get something nice to eat at the railway stations at fairly reasonable prices. On our own railways nearly everyone suffers the pangs of hunger to the freezing of the stony barmaid and the chances of a museum-like counter over which she presides. Refreshment contractors give up grumbling and find that the public wants. E. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

We had no failings ourselves we should not take such pleasure in finding out those of others. —*Proverb*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SPEECH-DAY at Harrow was attended by an unusually august gathering of people yesterday, attracted by the unaccustomed presence of the King and Queen. Dr. Wood, the headmaster of "the school on the hill," has managed to make these rather monotonous functions much more entertaining than they are at some schools. Usually they consist of speeches made up of catalogues of the year's past events, followed by some attempt at acting, in which English boys never show at their best.

The only thing to do with these ceremonies is to make them reasonably short. Several headmasters have had the good sense to do this. Dr. Walker, of St. Paul's School, made a particularly sensible rule that no encores should ever be given at school concerts. One day, as I was told by one who was present, an encore was obstreperously demanded, and the boy who had roused the enthusiasm came forward modestly to give it. Immediately a dull roar, like approaching thunder, was

Meredith's long service to English literature. It is interesting to remember that one of Mr. Meredith's greatest friends, Mr. John Morley, was amongst those first made members of the Order. Nowadays, with a good deal of illness to fight against, Mr. Meredith is not often seen far beyond his Surrey cottage at the foot of Box Hill. He was once, however, the greatest walker in Surrey, and for very many years he has lived both the simple and the strenuous lives with the greatest regularity.

Breakfast at seven, luncheon at twelve, a small dinner at six—that used to be his régime, and very seldom did he walk less than ten miles a day. But though he enjoys a simple life, there is nothing of the Bohemian in Mr. Meredith. It was just because he was no Bohemian, indeed, that he found it impossible to live in Rossetti's famous Chesham-walk house with the "Pre-Raphaelite Brethren" of old. He arrived in a cab one morning and went up to the breakfast room. Rossetti was still in bed. "On the breakfast table rested five slabs of bacon, upon which five eggs had slowly

slants. To everybody's astonishment she consented, endured the stifling atmosphere of the engine-room; and the officer had to go through the cake-walk in consequence, which was, Miss Nielsen declared, a greater torture to him than the engine-room had been to her.

Prince and Princess Charles of Isenburg and Miss Lewis, who is a sister of the Princess, have just come to London for a few weeks, and are staying at the Berkeley Hotel. Yesterday they gave a small luncheon party at Willis's Rooms, their guests including Slatin Pasha and Lord Kintore. Prince Charles is of German birth, and his wife a charming and handsome American woman, who speaks French and German perfectly.

That charming hostess, Mrs. Adair, has been very much missed in London this season. She has left her house in Curzon-street to Mrs. Frank Mackay, a compatriot of hers; but almost every Saturday to Monday she has parties at Englefield Green, where she has taken a house for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Malcolm and several other young people are to be her guests this week-end.

Mrs. Adair is a tall, handsome woman, who has been for some years past a leading light in the social world of London. She is one of the most popular of the American set, and as she is very wealthy her entertainments are always conducted on a princely scale. She has a beautiful place in Ireland, which was visited by the King and Queen when last in Ireland, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are frequent visitors there. Mrs. Adair, it may be remembered, went out to India for the great Durbar, and since then she had paid two visits to her ranch in California, and is likely to go there again this winter.

Mr. William Ganz, who has just given his annual concert at the Aeolian Hall, New Bond-street, is one of the most "decorated" musicians in the world. Only a few months ago the Emperor of Austria awarded him the Franz Josef Order, and, before that, he had received the Prussian Order of the Red Eagle from the German Emperor, the Order of the Saxe-Coburg Family, and the Swedish Order of Wasa, besides countless minor decorations of the same high-sounding kind. It is wonderful to think that Mr. Ganz gave his first London concert as long ago as 1855.

He has been the means of introducing a great number of famous musicians at these concerts. The most famous of all, Mme. Melba, sang first for him as Miss Nellie Armstrong. When Mr. Ganz heard her rendering of a song from "La Traviata" he realised that a great singer had appeared, and mentioned the fact to Carl Rosa, the chief impresario of those days. Rosa made a note of the appointment, with Melba on his shirt-cuff. To make a note on one's shirt-cuff is a sure way of forgetting anything. Carl Rosa forgot to keep his promise, and Melba, in her indignation, vowed never to have anything to do with him again.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Lord Avebury.

HIS Sunday Closing Bill, which he has fought for against an unusually turbulent storm of opposition, has just been rejected by the House of Lords. He has gone through a trying period of criticism in connection with it. He has been accused of interfering with the liberties of the subject, and of being heartless, and it has been sarcastically suggested to him that he is "in need of a rest."

These are the trials of a legislator, and he endures them better than most, because he has an imperturbable temper and is an optimist.

No one who has ever read "The Pleasures of Life," in one of its countless editions, can doubt that he is an optimist. He believes that if we do not read much in England we are "making progress" in that direction. He believes that it is enough for a man to see his feet in the mud and against his face for all trouble to vanish from his mind.

Finally, he believes in the Hundred Best Books. He is a man of science and a man of business combined. His hobbies are those of a naturalist. He takes a particular interest in wasps, and once kept one for months as a pet.

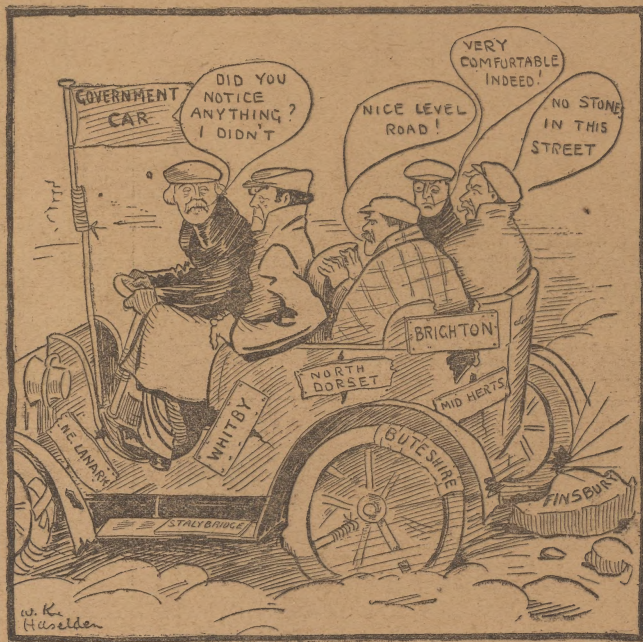
It was the first man in England who ever had his photograph taken, and of that he is as proud as of any other fact in connection with his career.

IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 30.—The most magnificent flowers now in bloom in the garden are the perennial larkspurs. In twenty shades of that lovely colour blue, they tower above all other plants, some specimens being now six feet high.

What a wonderful bunch of flowers one can pick in the cool of the evening—campanulas (including Canterbury bells), Spanish and French lilies, foxgloves, cornflowers, snapdragons, the first gilliflowers, graceful Iceland poppies. In less than a week sweet peas will be flowering. They must be well watered during dry weather, and care should be taken that their tendrils cling to the sticks, and not to one another's stems. E. F. T.

DELIGHTFUL TRAVELLING.



A happy motoring party, undisturbed by the small events that happen by the wayside and that are really of no importance.

heard from Dr. Walker, and with the two words "Sit down!" and a magnificent gesture of command, he suppressed the encore and the applause as well.

How many people who go, because it is "the thing," to classical concerts, would like to have the same privilege of crying "sit down!" Not long ago, for instance, at the St. James's Hall, I sat behind a well-known member of Parliament who had brought his young daughters to a lengthy recital. You know that in certain violin quartets there occurs a break in the middle of the longest pieces. The players withdraw for a moment: then return.

The gentleman in front, who was evidently unmusical, listened to the first immense section of the piece in question with exemplary patience. When it was over, I heard him say: "There! I what could be more beautiful? I hope you listened carefully, my dears." Hardly had he uttered the phrases than the players reappeared and began again. This time I heard only two words fall from the lips of my friend. Those words, I regret to say, were: "the devil!"

The Birthday Honour List is not a very interesting one, and there were few surprises in it. The fact that no new peers are created did not astonish anyone, as it is well known that the King is distinctly against making new creations, and it is not expected that any "strawberry leaves" will be conferred during the present reign.

The Order of Merit awards will perhaps cause the greatest satisfaction to the general public, and, amongst those, none perhaps will win wider approval than the recognition given to Mr. George

bled to death." Suddenly, Rossetti appeared and "devoured the dainty repast like an ogre." Whereupon Mr. Meredith turned and fled from the house.

Mr. Tom Browne, who is just about to give the public an opportunity of seeing his collected sketches and pictures at the Modern Gallery, Bond-street, has risen to his present proud position as one of the first of comic draughtsmen entirely by his own exertions. He began by being apprenticed to a firm of lithographers, and was rewarded for working hard six days out of the seven by 1s. a week, a sum increased a little later to 2s. 6d. Mr. Browne at last got certain of his sketches accepted by "Scraps" for what seemed to him the princely sum of 30s. That was the beginning of his success.

It is particularly fitting that Miss Alice Nielsen, the charming American singer, should appear under the management of Mr. Henry Russell, at the Waldorf, when she comes to London in a few weeks' time, for she always declares that it is to Mr. Russell she owes her success. "My voice," she once said, "is a gift, but it is a gift which would have been worth nothing without Mr. Russell." When she had "tired, and, indeed, injured it by overwork it was Mr. Russell who taught her, by his well-known system of production, how to restore it completely.

Miss Nielsen, like most operatic singers, has travelled all over the world, and had a good many adventures. One of the most amusing happened to her on board ship near Japan. At a concert given for a charitable object Miss Nielsen challenged a particularly bashful officer to perform a cake-walk with her. The officer promised to do so if Miss Nielsen would in turn stand the afternoon watch in the engine-room with him and his as-

Mr Joseph Chamberlain AT CARDIFF



Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's smile. A snapshot taken at Cardiff during the royal visit. The ex-Colonial Secretary was on his way to join the Prince of Wales's party on a tour of inspection of the new South Docks and the Dowlais Steel Works.

LADIES' DOGS AT THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS.



There is a record entry of 2,335 dogs at the Ladies' Kennel Association Championship Show, just opened at the Royal Botanic Gardens. One of our photographs shows the judging of the Borzois, or Russian wolf-hounds, among which the Queen exhibits a magnificent specimen, though not for competition, and the other was taken just after the judging of the dachshunds.

THE DAYS

BLUEJACKETS PARADE IN



Handymen firing a feu-de-joie in honour of the King's birthday. The swinging stride that is peculiar to themselves, but the naval photograph. His trousers

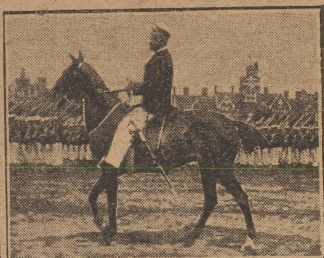
ENTHRONING SOUTHWARK'S FIRST BISHOP



Dr. Talbot, the first Bishop of the new see of Southwark, way to his enthronement. The photograph was taken, Bishop's procession entered the churchyard of the old church of St. Saviour's, Southwark, now the cathedral, and shows Dr. Talbot wearing his mitre and preceded by the pastoral staff.

NEWS RECORDED BY CAMERA

OUR OF THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.



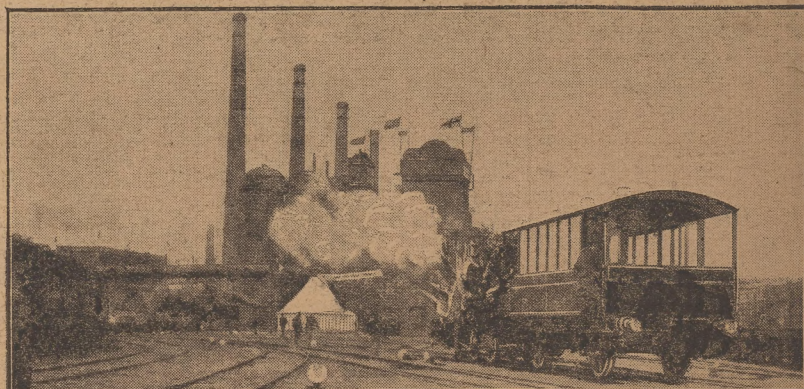
The sturdy bluejackets show to full advantage as they march past with their bayoneted rifles. The King does not look at his best on horseback, as may be observed in our photograph, but he is hardly cut for horse exercise.

AFRICAN PIGMIES AT WESTMINSTER.



The first experience of the pigmies brought by Colonel Harri- the Ituri Forest in Central Africa is tea on the river the Houses of Parliament, where they were surrounded by a large number of interested M.P.s. They were photographed by Sir and also by a *Daily Mirror* camera artist, as above.

THE PRINCE of WALES VISITS STEEL WORKS



The Prince of Wales visiting the docks at Cardiff. His Royal Highness inspected the fifty odd acres of new docks from the railway carriage shown in the top photograph. The second shows the royal train in the yard of the Dowlais Steel Works.

GARDEN IN THE AIR AT WESTMINSTER.



A photograph of the top of the new buildings of the Westminster Electric Supply Association, which is designed to form an attractive roof-garden when completed. It is the first serious attempt at a roof-garden yet made in London, though several flat roofs are more or less made to answer a similar purpose.

OF VANISHING MONEY.
OF TWO SWEET WOMEN
EQUALLY GOOD AND FAIR.

BY HENRY FARMER.

OF A MARRIAGE FOR HATE.
OF A GREAT SUSPICION.
OF A TRAP THAT FAILED
AND JOY HARD WON.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in life as chief clerk of Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The ubiquitous, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DEVENISH.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed.

CHAPTER I.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

Frank Chester sprinted across the platform. The London express had already gathered considerable speed, but to lose the train might be to lose the chance of a lifetime.

Hampered by a portmanteau and unnecessarily fastened behind by a well-intentioned porter, Chester effected an undignified entry into the carriage. His hat flew before him with the velocity of a winged avalanche agent. It was only by grabbing the luggage-rack that he avoided depositing himself in the lap of the attractive and charmingly-dressed young lady who occupied a corner seat and had drawn in her daintily-soled feet, from an instinct to preserve her toes as well as to give the good-looking blunderer as much room as possible.

Frank Chester's manners were good. For the moment taking no stock of the other occupant of the carriage, a mere man, he apologised to the girl.

And as he did so he received a most refreshing and pleasing impression of a fair, self-reliant face, a well-poised head encased by sunny hair, a bright, prettily lashed eye, and an altogether dainty and charmingly-gowned tout ensemble.

"Why, yes! Jove, but it is! Frank—Frank Chester!" exclaimed a familiar voice behind him.

With a cry of surprise Chester turned, and a moment later was wringing hands with his old schoolfellow, Tom Mayfield.

"Why, Tom," said Chester, "where have you sprung from?"

"Queenie and I have been snatching a well-deserved week-end on the river."

"Queenie!" ejaculated Chester. "Why it's ten years—"

He turned and offered his hand to the charming occupant of the corner seat.

"I must apologise for not recognising you," he said; "but last time I saw you—"

He indicated her height from the ground with his free hand. The memory of a fluffily-haired child with rose-bud cheeks, innocent eyes, and a penchant for tree-climbing, catapults, squirts, and every form of innocent devilry, was very distinct now. One vision of the past brought a smile to his lips—Queenie Mayfield, high up and astride the bough of an apple tree munching an apple. And so—

Chester's eyes lingered for a moment on the sunny, self-reliant face. How charming she was. "Do you remember that apple tree in the old orchard?" he asked, with a smile.

Queenie Mayfield flushed—and looked prettier than ever.

"Oh, but I've quite reformed since then, Mr. Chester," she laughed. "And I've given up tree-climbing."

"And catapults? You were a first-rate shot."

"And catapults. I've settled down into a steady career woman of business."

Her looked sceptical. He saw no traces of a steady career woman of business—just a most charming and charmingly-gowned girl.

"That's so," chimed in Tom Mayfield. "Queenie and some friends of hers are running a florist's

business. And Queenie is making quite a name for herself as a designer of table decorations. A bit of an uphill game at first, wasn't it, Queenie? But things are beginning to straighten out now."

The girl nodded her head thoughtfully. Colonel Mayfield's children had been taught to shift for themselves comparatively early in life.

"And you, Tom?" questioned Chester.

"Still with Mordaunt," replied Mayfield, rather bitterly. "And likely to stick there!"

Circumstance had played pranks with both men's lives. When, some six years previously, circumstance compelled Mayfield to pass direct from a public school to a junior clerkship in the office of Hesper Mordaunt, stockbroker and man of finance, he had envied the more fortunate Chester who was on the eve of a university career at Oxford.

Then fate had a game with Frank Chester.

For the past two years he had been facing hard times. Had it merely been a question of himself, it would not have mattered, but there was a mother to be considered—a delicate old lady, broken by bereavement and the financial disaster that made the career, planned out for him by an ambitious father, impossible. It had long since been brought home to Chester that a university education was of precious little value when compared with the knowledge of the open market; that the man who had been learning his business and acquiring practical knowledge from the age of eighteen had a tremendous advantage over one like himself, who had ambled pleasantly through life to the age of twenty-five and whose stock-in-trade was an athletic record, a B.A. degree, and a superficial knowledge of business and ancient philosophy.

"And you, Frank?" asked Mayfield.

Chester produced a telegram, and gave it to his old friend to read.

"Just received your application," ran the message. "Call on me, three, this afternoon, 85, Cockspur-street, Vincent Devenish."

"A most curious coincidence," explained Chester. "I've been looking out for something in the way of a secretaryship for some time—I've been doing private tutoring lately; but it's a poor sort of game. I answered an advertisement on the off-chance, without the slightest idea who was responsible for it. This morning I get that wire."

"And Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, takes the trouble to send a wire like that," said Mayfield. "You may look on the matter as settled, Frank. You're a lucky fellow. Why, it's the chance of a lifetime. Play your cards properly and you'll be a partner in the firm before you know where you are. In his own particular line, splendid man of business, Devenish."

"You know him?"

"Yes, personally as well as in business. Mordaunt is his stockbroker."

"I haven't seen him for some time," said Chester, with a sigh. "He and Eve Devenish—that was before she married—came to Oxford for some eight weeks. But—by the way, it used to be 'Queenie.' Is 'Queenie' still permissible?"

"Why, of course," she smiled, with a charming lack of affectation. "But I must insist that you take me seriously, and cease to associate me with apple-trees—and catapults!"

A vision of dangling, black-stockinged legs rose up before Chester.

"And a rattling good little business woman, too," chimed in Mayfield.

"Where are you putting up in town, Frank?" asked Mayfield, after old times had been discussed, and the train was slowing down for Paddington station.

rumours that Bad to Best would not run; but Vogel, with his consummate cheek—and his mighty motor-car—put in an appearance at Epsom Downs saw his candidate saddled in the paddock, nodded to friends and acquaintances who were rash enough to look his way, and recklessly invested thousands upon thousands on the odds on chance.

In a corner of the paddock Billy stands besides his Brute, tears in his sightless eyes, his withered hands trembling nervously, his old cracked voice shaking with emotion as he tries to calm his restive pet, as he vainly tries to persuade him to allow Drake to mount. But it is hopeless; the attempt has to be given up.

But at the last moment Marvis hurries up, and whisks something into Billy's ear, but Billy shakes his head, and sobs "Impossible." If he won't let Drake ride him, there isn't a living soul as he will.

"Try this lad, try him," urged Marvis. "We've got permission from the Stewards."

As do you like," whispered Billy; "do as you like. But it's too late; it isn't no good."

Before Billy has anything more the new jockey hurries up. He looks at The Brute; The

"Haven't decided." Probably—"

"I can put you up, old chap. And I shall be most awfully keen to know how you get on. Don't suppose Devenish will keep you long. Suppose you meet me at The Cabin afterwards—the one in the Strand?"

Chester agreed.

"And I," said Queenie, "shall be equally anxious to meet you. She held out her hand impatiently.

"I wish you all the good luck in the world."

And she meant it.

CHAPTER II.

The One False Step.

"The work will give you a far more comprehensive idea of the business than sitting on a stool, totting up figures, Chester. Men who can thump a typewriter, write shorthand, and add up three columns of figures simultaneously are to be had for the mere asking. But for the big positions—the ones with ideas, men capable of shapings and directing a policy. There's not the slightest reason—when you've learnt the ropes—why you shouldn't improve your position. No, don't thank me. I'm only too pleased to be of assistance to the son of my old friend. The rest is in your own hands. I should have suggested your dining with us to-night, but I'm going out to town."

Frank Chester expressed his gratitude in suitable and restrained terms. The matter had been settled in less than ten minutes.

Vincent Devenish, principal owner of the Blue Star Line, the man who was putting up a winning fight against a big American "combine," had spoken in a manner that revealed a mixture of businesslike brusqueness and geniality. He was going to give the son of his old friend a big chance.

The great office in which the interview was taking place was furnished with a solid magnificence that suggested wealth and an old-established firm.

Frank Chester was reserved and modest, rather diffident. He asked no more than to be given time to think, and to be helped with his own prospect fired his ambition. Unconsciously he threw back his head and squared his shoulders.

"By the way," continued the shipowner, "you will have an opportunity of renewing your acquaintance with Eve—she has promised to look in this afternoon. What a delightful week that was at Oxford."

He was interrupted by a knock on a door communicating with the cashier's office.

Chester glanced at the man who entered. He might have been any age between forty and fifty. He was faultlessly dressed and scrupulously well-groomed. A thin wisp of black hair was carefully streaked with a bald forehead. An outline nose and a firm chin were the most noticeable features of his colourless, clean-shaven face. A slight stoop of the shoulders seemed to contradict the strength of the chin, and suggest obsequiousness.

"Ah, Dexter," said Devenish; "this is Mr. Chester. Mr. Chester—Mr. Dexter."

The cashier bowed with a faint, colourless smile that revealed a very perfect—too perfect—set of false teeth.

"We have arranged matters, Dexter," continued the shipowner. Mr. Chester takes up his secretarial duties to-morrow."

Again Mr. Dexter bowed slightly, this time to his chief, as much as to say—"To-morrow, Mr. Chester, enters on his secretarial duties. So be it! Who am I, esteemed sir, that I should raise any objection?"

Then he tapped the sheaf of bank-notes that he carried.

"Twenty thousand pounds, Mr. Devenish," he said quietly, "in ten parcels of twenty 'hundreds.'"

The cashier, however rapidly he flicked through the notes with his thin fingers, and verified his statement.

"You've entered the numbers in the ledger?" asked Devenish carelessly.

Brute looks at him, and a queer smile seems to come into the later eyes. Again he seems to wink; the jockey whispers into his ear; in another second he is in the saddle. The Brute trembles, shakes his head, then slowly and quietly walks out of the paddock and parades with the other horses.

What's happened? What's happened? Billy cries, as Marvis leads him back to the enclosure.

"Never you mind; just keep quiet and watch the race—I mean listen to the race. The Brute's let the boy get up; there he goes, last in the parade, behaving like a lamb."

"It's a miracle," Billy groans. "It's a blooming miracle."

He staggered to the rails and thrust his arms through the bars and called The Brute by name, softly, softly.

"Shut up, you old fool," said Marvis kindly. The Brute heard, and turned his head in the direction of his master's voice. Then the whole field cantered across the Downs to take up their post by the starting-gate.

Two hundred to one The Brute. Who wants it?"

Mr. Dexter inclined his head, with a faintly sarcastic smile.

"What time is Northcote calling for the money?"

"Three-thirty, Mr. Devenish."

The cashier delivered over the notes. Vincent Devenish tossed the parcels carelessly on to a table.

Chester inwardly marvelled at the utter callousness with which small fortunes were being handled. It might have been so much waste-paper.

Mr. Dexter, with a slight bow to Chester, and rinsing his beautifully preserved hands with imaginary soap and water, retired to his office. The massive door, worked by a piston, closed upon him silently.

"An admirable fellow," Dexter, said Devenish condescendingly. "Devoted, body and soul, to the interests of the firm."

Then he glanced at his watch.

"It's time Eve was here," he said more to himself than to Chester.

Frank Chester had a very vivid remembrance of Eve Devenish—the proud, dark-eyed, graceful beauty who had been a distinct feature and object of admiration on the St. Asaph's college barge on the occasion of her visit with her father to Oxford. During their week's stay he had seen much of her. There had been picnics up the "Char," delightful tête-à-têtes in a Canadian canoe. And when, not long after, Chester heard of her marriage to Cecil Daintree, he had perhaps experienced something in the shape of an envious pang.

To-day, at the age of twenty-four, Eve Daintree was a widow. Matters had been hushed up, but at the time of Cecil Daintree's sudden departure abroad certain ugly rumours were afloat—rumours of defalcations in the case of anyone else but Vincent Devenish's son-in-law would have entailed a criminal prosecution and a big sentence.

There was a whisper of suicide when, not long after, the news of Daintree's death reached England. But Vincent Devenish was not communicative. Certain lines sprang into existence on the strong, if rather self-indulgent, face, and he drank champagne more freely but he went about his business as usual.

"Come in!" cried Vincent Devenish, in answer to a knock.

A bemuddled commissionaire entered.

"Mr. Stafford, sir," he said, "would like to see you. I showed him into the waiting-room."

"I shall be with you in a moment, Chester," said the shipowner, and quitted the office.

Twenty thousand pounds in bank-notes lay on the table where Devenish had carelessly jerked them.

Again Chester marvelled at the utter callousness on the part of the man of business. He smiled to himself. Presumably familiarity bred contempt in the matter of bank-notes as with most other things; yet this carelessness seemed positively criminal.

But Chester, utterly unversed in business matters, did not realise that this carelessness was far more apparent than real.

The near presence of a small fortune was exercising a mild fascination over him. It was not in the slightest degree a question of temptation or even covetousness. It was curiosity.

He had never seen so much money in his life before. Almost unthinkingly, he approached the table, picked up one of the parcels, and weighed it in his hand.

A matter of ounces; but it represented two thousand pounds. This little, crisp bundle represented five years of the salary arranged for him by Vincent Devenish.

That there was folly in his action, that it might be liable to misinterpretation, only flashed upon him as Devenish's voice reached him through the closed door.

Chester swung round with a start.

The parcel of notes slipped from his hand to the floor.

(Continued on page 11.)

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHAPTER XVI.

Once again Epsom Downs resounds with the roar of voices, the bray of trumpets, the shriek of showman, bookmaker, and racing tout.

Once again the old question is asked:—

"What'll win?"

But there is a long, long pause before the answer is given, and when it is given it is given with a shake of the head and in a voice wherein there is no pleasure—and no hope of profit.

"Vogel's Bad to Beat."

It was one of those certainties, those hopeless certainties which no one wants to back; there was no money to be made out of it, and no fun—for Vogel was under a cloud, and the cloud was about to break. Up to the last moment there were

rumours that Bad to Beat would not run; but Vogel, with his consummate cheek—and his mighty motor-car—put in an appearance at Epsom Downs saw his candidate saddled in the paddock, nodded to friends and acquaintances who were rash enough to look his way, and recklessly invested thousands upon thousands on the odds on chance.

In a corner of the paddock Billy stands besides his Brute, tears in his sightless eyes, his withered hands trembling nervously, his old cracked voice shaking with emotion as he tries to calm his restive pet, as he vainly tries to persuade him to allow Drake to mount. But it is hopeless; the attempt has to be given up.

But at the last moment Marvis hurries up, and whisks something into Billy's ear, but Billy shakes his head, and sobs "Impossible." If he won't let Drake ride him, there isn't a living soul as he will.

"Try this lad, try him," urged Marvis. "We've got permission from the Stewards."

As do you like," whispered Billy; "do as you like. But it's too late; it isn't no good."

Before Billy has anything more the new jockey hurries up. He looks at The Brute; The

"For God's sake give me a fiver," cried Billy wildly.

"Here's a tanner," laughed Marvis, "and much good may it do you."

The old blind owner of The Brute proudly invested ten pounds on his horse's impossible chance, and then took up his position on the rails, close to the winning-post, his face turned blindly towards the starting-gate across the hill—and waited.

At last that awful roar came. "They're off!"

"Oh, Gawd!" groaned Billy, "where is he—what's happened?"

"Well, he's started," cried Marvis. "But for goodness sake keep calm, old chap. You're not mad enough to think he can win, are you?"

"No, no, I'm not mad enough," stammered the old man, "but—miracles do happen sometimes, don't they? Anyway, he's running. Tell me, he's still running!"

"Oh, yes, he's running, and he's still with his horses. Great Scott! he's sneaked the position on the rails."

"Who's riding him—what's the boy's name?" cried Billy.

(Continued on page 11.)

almost physical sickness swept him. The action was instinctive. He was wearing a frockcoat.

But he was too late. Just as he straightened up Vincent Devenish opened the door and ushered in Eve Daintree.

Chester thrust his right hand behind his back. The action was instinctive. He was wearing a frockcoat.

His brain was in a whirl, yet working rapidly, and with a certain nightmarish distinctness.

Eve Daintree was known to him. It was not a question of bowing to her, but of shaking hands—and she clutched the notes in his right hand.

He thrust the notes into his tail-pocket. His forehead was damp with sweat. But—but he would, must find opportunity to place the parcel with the others before its loss was noticed.

The clock on the mantelpiece struck a solitary note—half-past three. And, according to Dexter, Northcote was coming for the money at half-past three!

The action of thrusting the notes into the pocket, the lightning thoughts that followed, had occupied but little more than a second.

Chester steadied himself and advanced to greet the tall, graceful Eve, a woman with proud, finely-chiselled features, who stood beside her father.

"How do you do, Mr. Chester?" she said, in a low-note, musical voice. "I am glad to see you last night. Why, it must be nearly four years—I've never forgotten that delightful week at Oxford."

Chester said something—as a matter of fact, the correct thing. But it seemed to him that someone else was speaking.

Indeed, the week referred to had been exceedingly delightful, and was full of pleasant memories for Eve Daintree. The girl then, and romantically inclined, she had been more deeply impressed by the good-looking, refined young undergraduate than perhaps she would have cared to admit.

Then a telephone-bell whirled, and enjoined silence. Vincent Devenish stepped up to the instrument.

"Yes, yes," he said into the transmitter. "Is that you, Mr. Northcote? What? All right. Get the money ready for you. To-morrow, eleven o'clock, will suit me. Good-bye."

Chester realised, in a blurred kind of way, that he had been relieved.

And some opportunity must be granted him, surely. It must come. Mrs. Daintree would be going. If only she, if only her father would turn away for a moment—

He realised that he was talking again, saying commonplace platitudes to the graceful and animated woman who stood out mistily before him. Under any other than the present nightmarish conditions he would have delighted in this renewal of an old acquaintanceship.

Then another interruption. The door giving entrance to the cashier's office opened, and Mr. Dexter, expressionless and elegant, entered.

He glanced at Chester. Then, with a vague, colourless smile, bowed to Mrs. Daintree. Scarce acknowledging his salutation she continued her conversation with Chester. The latter was talking fairly reasonably, yet he was only dimly sub-conscious of what she was saying. For a moment he felt rather than saw that the cashier's quiet, grey eyes were fastened on him.

Mr. Dexter, having addressed himself on a matter of business to his chief, prepared to retire, again he bowed to Mrs. Daintree. This time she deliberately ignored his salutation altogether.

For a moment she felt showed on Mr. Dexter's expressionless features. His lips tightened; then, rinsing his slender, well-preserved hands, he became the automaton again, and retired to his office.

"Then you will dine with us to-morrow night, Mr. Chester?" said Mrs. Daintree, as the massive door closed silently. "Good-bye, father. You won't be late, will you?"

She shook hands with Chester. He escorted her to the door, doing the right thing from sheer instinct. Then he returned towards the table on which the remaining notes were lying. If he could

Devenish saw, greenish as the table and laid a friendly hand on his shoulder. Somehow Chester contrived to meet the man's shrewd eyes steadily.

"Your future's in your own hands!" said Devenish. "Nothing would give me greater pleasure to see the son of my old friend at the top of the tree. You'll soon find the ropes."

He linked his arm in Chester's and walked him across to the door.

"I've private matters to attend to now," he said, changing into the brusque man of business whose time was money. "See you to-morrow. Good-bye."

He shook hands and held open the door.

Tiny beads of sweat sprang out on Chester's forehead as the door closed on him. He glanced swiftly up and down the lofty corridor in which he stood.

He must be quit of the notes somehow! Leave them somewhere—drop them! On the stairs rather than take them away.

His hand flew to his tail-pocket.

The door beyond Devenish's office opened, and Mr. Dexter stepped out.

"Just going, Mr. Chester?" he said, in his quiet, rather soothing voice. "My congratulations on your appointment. I hope our relations in the future will be something more than business ones. I'm very good of you! But I—good afternoon!"

But Mr. Dexter kept pace with Chester along the corridor, and down the marble staircase.

When the commissionaire held open the swing-door Mr. Dexter escorted Chester to the edge of the outer step.

"I understand," he said, smoothing the black wisps brushed across his bald forehead, "that you take up your duties to-morrow. Good afternoon—good afternoon, Mr. Chester."

Chester shook the outstretched hand mechanically. His brain was beginning to whirl.

Northcote would call for the notes on the morrow at eleven o'clock. He, Chester, was expected to present himself at the office at ten o'clock. Would it be possible, if he did not go mad before then, to conceal the parcel in Devenish's room—

But the discovery must be made before then. The notes would surely be counted before being locked away in the safe for the night.

"Oh, my God! What have I done! What am I going to do?"

"Well, old chap, have you pulled it off all right?"

Tom Mayfield seemed to have suddenly risen up from nowhere. Then his voice changed.

"Good Heavens, old chap. What's up—what's wrong?"

"I've done for myself," whispered Chester.

"The chance of a lifetime," whispered Chester.

He laughed curiously.

Mayfield took his arm.

"Well, old man," he said sympathetically.

"That's a bad business; but buck up Devenish isn't the only man in the world wanting a private secretary. Come across the road, and tell me all about it over a cup of tea."

"You don't understand—"

"Oh, yes, I do. I've had plenty of slips in the face in my time. Come across the road and tell me all about it."

They found a quiet corner in the tea-shop. A drowning man clutches at a straw. It had occurred to Chester that his old friend, Tom Mayfield, might help him out of his nightmarish corner.

"Tom," he whispered, with a curious catch in his voice. "I've two thousand pounds in bank-notes belonging to Devenish in my pocket."

"I'm rather dissipated face went white as a sheet, his lower jaw dropped. For a moment he stared blankly at Chester, then gave a frightened glance to left and right. But they had the corner completely to themselves.

"You—"

"It's a nightmare. Heaven knows what I was thinking about. I picked them up unthinkingly."

And Frank Chester confessed himself to his old friend.

Tom Mayfield leant across the marble-topped table.

"Thousand to one The Brute!"

"Ten thousand to a tinner then!" cried Marvis, losing his head—or, perhaps, keeping it at the critical moment of the race, "and to you—and to you," to two other of the biggest bookies in the ring.

Again a shriek rose.

"Bad to Beat walks home!"

With sightless eyes but perspiring brow, Billy leaped through the rails, his face turned in the direction of the rattle of horses' hoofs, his arms stretched out.

"Brute, my Brute—come, come, come!"

Suddenly the roar of voices died to a deathly silence. And then one single voice out of the great, great multitude present shrieked hysterically.

"What's that on the rails? Good Gawd, what's that on the rails?"

And the stentorian voice of Joe Marvis answered, "It's The Brute, you damn fool. A hundred to one on The Brute!"

And Billy, the racing tout, cried and moaned, with pathetic helplessness:

"Brute—Brute, my darling Brute—I knew you'd do it—I knew you'd do it."

Devenish personally. "I'm always in and out of the Blue Star Line offices. I'll take some excuse for seeing Devenish privately. I'll drop that accursed parcel somewhere—or, better still, make out I picked it up on the stairs. I shall manage it somehow. If I can work it for you, I will, old chap, for old friendship's sake. Quick! Not a second's to be lost. Slip the notes into my hand under the table."

The door of the tea-shop swung back, and Mr. Dexter, suave, elegant, and beautifully-groomed, entered, and, taking his place at a table, ordered tea and toast. Having carefully withdrawn his gloves—he took the first pair of his hands, he turned his attention to the financial columns of an evening paper.

Chester thrust the notes into Mayfield's hands. He was no puppet or backboneless individual; but he was numbed, and his brain was in a whirl. Possibly the remembrance of the delicate, broken gloves—he took the first pair of his hands, he turned his attention to the financial columns of an evening paper.

"Don't wait for me here," Mayfield was whispering. "Don't hang about for me—it might look suspicious. Take a cab and drive to my flat, 15, Abchurch Lane, and from there, when I call, I'll give you the latchkey. I'll be with you as soon as possible. Buck up! I'll pull you through this business."

Chester rose mechanically from the table. As he did so he caught a glimpse of Mr. Dexter, apparently engrossed in his paper. The old suspicion gripped him. Was the cashier's presence merely a coincidence—or—

"Hurry up!" whispered Mayfield, his voice vibrating with tension. "Don't stare about you—people are looking at you!"

Mr. Dexter, screened by his paper, seemed too deeply interested to notice the two men as they passed from the shop.

"Hansom!" cried Mayfield. "In you get! Here's the latchkey. Buck up! It will be all right!"

As the cab rattled away and Mayfield hurried across the crowded street Mr. Dexter, the picture of well-groomed suavity, emerged from the tea-shop and proceeded at a brisk pace towards Cockspur-street.

Mayfield reached the offices of the Blue Star Line to find a uniformed porter closing the outer doors.

"Mr. Devenish."

"Mr. Devenish has gone, sir."

"Mr. Dexter."

"Mr. Dexter has gone, sir. Everybody's gone, sir."

And the porter, anxious to be every body's business, closed the doors in Mayfield's face.

"Hansom!" cried Mayfield desperately.

"Hansom!" cried Mr. Dexter, on the opposite side of the street.

He gave some instructions through the trap in the roof; the two cabs took the same direction, the one behind the other.

CHAPTER III.

Death at the Stroke of Twelve.

It was a few minutes past six when Chester reached his friend's flat in Morton-street. The woman, responsible for the domestic work did not sleep on the premises, and had already departed with a suspicious-looking bundle tucked under her arm. It was a box-like little flat, and a small sitting-room in which Chester found himself was on the ground-floor, the window looking out on an inner court. A man, who has to dress like a gentleman and keep up appearances on a salary of three pounds a week has none too big a margin left for rent.

But Chester was in no mood to take stock of his surroundings. His feelings beggared description. He was suffering all the tortures of inaction. There was nothing to be done but pace up and down, and down, watching the clock, the one object in the room that fascinated him—a cheap clock with

(Continued on page 13.)

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

"Can't remember—don't talk—Great Scott!—he's going away—they're coming round the corner!" "Good God, be careful!" Marvis cried, carried away in spite of himself; "he'll do it again—he'll be over the rails again."

"He—he—who?" shrieked Billy.

"The jockey, you bloody fool! He's hugging the rails, as he did last year—I mean like Mer-

rick last year."

Billy sent Merriock to a sultry spot.

"Go on, go on," he stammered, "Tell me what's happening—what's happening?"

"They're round the corner safely. I can't see Brute now. Bad to Beat's leading. Vogel is

gawd, curse him."

"Too true, already a great shout rose."

"Bad to Beat's winning—Bad to Beat's won!"

"Hear them coming—I hear them coming,"

cried Billy, peering through the rails like a lost robber of his prey. "Where's The Brute, my Brute?"

"On to blazes," roared a bookie by his side.

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HACKNEY FURNISHING CO., LTD.

GREAT BARGAINS FOR
FURNISHING.

CALL AT ONCE.

We will Store Purchases for you for Six Months Free if you wish.

Worth.	Per month.
£10.....	0 6 0
£20.....	0 11 0
£30.....	0 17 0
£40.....	1 5 0
£50.....	1 8 0
£60.....	2 0 0
£70.....	2 3 0
£80.....	2 6 0
£90.....	2 9 0
£100.....	3 0 0
£120.....	3 6 0
£140.....	4 2 0
£160.....	4 8 0
£180.....	5 4 0
£200.....	6 0 0
£250.....	7 5 0
£300.....	9 0 0
£400.....	11 0 0
£500.....	13 0 0
£600.....	15 0 0
£700.....	17 0 0
£800.....	19 0 0
£900.....	21 0 0
£1000.....	23 0 0
£1200.....	27 0 0
£1400.....	31 0 0
£1600.....	35 0 0
£1800.....	39 0 0
£2000.....	43 0 0
£2500.....	53 0 0
£3000.....	63 0 0
£4000.....	83 0 0
£5000.....	103 0 0
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THE "MODEL" NO DEPOSIT SYSTEM. REQUIRED.
All Goods Packed, Carriage Paid, and Delivered to Your Door Free.

NOTE THE ADDRESS BELOW.

Hours, 9 till 9. Thursdays close 4.
Telegrams, Furniments, London; Telephone 84, Dalston, and 554 North.

TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.

GARDENING.

BLUICIDE (registered): certain death to slugs and snails; perfectly harmless to most delicate plants; non-poisonous; splendid fertilizer to soil; is, 6d. box, carriage paid.—The Sluggicide Co., Marylebone, Bristol, and all Seedsmen.

To H.M. the King.

BUCHANAN'S
"SPECIAL"

(RED SEAL)

SCOTCH WHISKY

To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHATHAM House College, Ramsgate.—Founded 94 years. High-class school for the sons of gentlemen; Army, Professions, and Commercial life; good corps attached to the 1st V.B.E.R. ("The Buffs"); junior school for boys under 13; 45-page illustrated prospectus sent on application to the Headmaster.

Non-Flam WON'T BURN

EVERY LADY should read this flannelette talk!
Ordinary flannelette has a very serious drawback—it catches fire so easily, and burns so quickly.

NON-FLAM, the new fireproof flannelette, WILL NOT BURN. Held over a lighted candle it merely smoulders and goes out immediately the light is withdrawn. Moreover, NON-FLAM is aseptic—disease germs cannot live upon it. You can wash NON-FLAM again and again without destroying its valuable properties. Coroners, Medical Men, the Press—all speak of NON-FLAM in the highest terms.

PARENTS! You and your children run needless risks if you wear ordinary flannelette. WEAR NON-FLAM, the safe flannelette. Of all Drapers. TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE. SEND POSTCARD NOW AND WE WILL POST YOU FREE SAMPLE AND FULL PARTICULARS.

Address **PATENTEES "NON-FLAM"** (Desk 46),
Aytoun Street, Manchester.

THE SAFE FLANNELETTE

to instalment of the results of the are held over till

SUMMER SALES.

AND WHEREOF OF THE AT JULY SACRIFICES.

"Why do you let such beautiful clothes be sold at less than half price?" I asked the head of one of the most prominent of our London drapery establishments. The answer came in this guise: "Because, madam, although our premises are enormous, they are not large enough to permit us to hoard up anything, and we must have room in which to stock our autumn goods."

So the story of July is a story of reduced prices and of eager purchasers, wise enough to see their great opportunity and ready to seize it, whereby the money they possess for dress will go twice as far as it otherwise would, and the months of July, August, and September will be supplied with ravishing toilettes and materials that will keep for future needs, odds and ends, necessities and luxuries sufficient to last until the January sales appear.

SALES IN THE WEST END.

Like bees round a honey-pot, all with fell intent to secure the biggest prizes, crowd those who go bargain-hunting in the West End. Messrs. Peter Robinson's allurements are vast; they are really going so far as to sell soft white silk skirts for girls from 10s. 11d. apiece, and voile sun- skirts three tucked at the foot, including two and a half yards of fabric for the bodice, for 19s. 11d., while should the bodice material not be wanted 12s. 11d. secures the skirt.

Messrs. Charles Lee, of 98 to 100, Wigmore-street (mark the address in red letters, please, in your sale list, for it is one well worth remembering), are making such sweeping sacrifices in their toilette department, that the very smart models, which run up high into two figures of pounds previously, are now to be had for some seventy shillings apiece, and for 10s. and 10s. slightly soiled cotton frocks are being given away. Everyone who knows the nature of Charles Lee and Son of Wig-

more-street's business understands the inner meaning of this announcement.

Specialty brassy millinery is being sold by Messrs. Hancock and James, whose reception-rooms at 8, Grafton-street are the resort of the most charmingly-dressed women. Every milliner has her special cachet, and that of Mme. Valérie, of 12, Old Burlington-street, is irresistible for smartness and charm. Moreover, her little dainties are exquisitely pretty, and always lure the money from women's purses, at no moment more advantageously than now.

At Waterloo House, Piccadilly-circus, Messrs. Swan and Edgar are exceeding every former effort to cut down prices and make a sweeping sale of all their spacious show-rooms contain. It is well to mention that such stupendous bargains as these

BUZZARD'S MASCOT.



The latest addition to the crew of H.M.S. Buzzard, the Naval Volunteer training-ship, is the monkey photographed, which amuses itself by gymnastic exercises on the spar and rigging.

don, where narrow, nameless passages threaded through a great wilderness in the process of transition, Tom Mayfield, screened from the footpath by a heaving, lay amid rubble and rubbish, staring up sightlessly into the night.

Chester was searching again for paper and envelopes, pulling open the drawers of the desk. He pulled open the bottom drawer. Another letter stared up at him—a money-lender's, demanding instant payment of moneys overdue.

"I'll give him—give myself—till twelve," he whispered. "But he won't come."

As he raised up the letter in the hope of finding writing-paper underneath his hand touched something hard and cold.

Fate seemed to have anticipated his wants. It was Tom Mayfield's revolver. He pulled it out with a slight shiver. He did not want to die, but he had reasoned it all out, and no other door seemed open to him. He snapped open the cover of the revolver. Two chambers were loaded.

He laid the weapon on the desk, and, having found paper, proceeded to write his letters.

Only the scratch of the pen, the tick of the clock, and the man's breathing. The only note suggestive of tragedy about the commonplace little room was the revolver lying on the desk.

The scratching of the pen ceased, but the clock ticked on.

Chester staggered to his feet and stretched up his hands to heaven; but a moment later the pen was running noisily over paper.

The last letter finished and addressed, he glanced at the clock—three minutes to twelve.

He picked up the revolver and watched the clock.

The two hands became one.

Then the first, clear, sharp stroke of the pen. And Mayfield had not returned.

Dead indeed.

"God forgive him!" choked Chester.

Temptation must have been too strong.

Four strokes of the pen.

"I couldn't help it."

black and cream voile skirts that are tucked and lined with silk, and are to be cleared at 10s. 6d. each, cannot be repeated, so "Shop soon" should be the motto here. Truth to say, it is marvellous that they were ever offered at this price, for they are worth at least 8s. 6d. apiece.

It is almost unnecessary to advise women to flock to Messrs. Garrod's at Edgware-road, for it is a well-known fact that everything at this address is most wonderfully cheap. But I will just whisper one item of news, and that is that there are linen blouses being sold for 2s. 6d. each, that are beyond all words marvellous, and not to be matched elsewhere under 10s. 6d., including cut, style, and fit.

WONDERFUL WESTBOURNE-GROVE.

It would take days to describe even a tithe of the bargain Whiffy is offering this month. Nothing should satisfy his customers short of personal observation, and it is safe to say that the gaily-decked shops that comprise the world of Whiteley will be crowded with customers throughout the month. They will, of course, avail themselves of the ready-made costumes—that goes without saying—and will lay in a vast stock of dress materials, dainty lingerie, shoes and boots, lace and fallals—that is to say, if they are sensible beings, as most women in these days are.

THE S.E. DISTRICT.

Whitlock's great sale in the Camberwell-road is an event in that quarter of the metropolis. He is offering a beautiful skirt called the Don, which is made of voile, in rich brown, black, navy blue, and white colourings, and also in crash and holland. Low be it spoken, the price is 8s. 11d. only, though the skirt looks worth at least a dozen times that amount. Then there is a feather stole over a hundred inches long in grey, white, brown, natural, and black colourings, that costs 12s. 11d. only. Could generosity go further?

LONDON, E.C.

A wonderful business is that of Messrs. Arthur Beaumont and Co., the London Mail Order House, 17, Cheapside, E.C. This firm has brought to perfection the benefits of shopping by post, and no better advice can be given to country residents than to write at once for their catalogue, which is published monthly and is sent post free to all applicants.

SPLENDID FURNITURE IN THE N.W. DISTRICT.

Well-chosen furniture and ornaments make a brighter home than a collection of the most elaborate things unnecessarily huddled into too small a space. The catalogue of Messrs. Norman and Stacey's stock provides an attractive list of real bargains, and as the stock was bought up by Messrs. Oetzmann and Co., and is now on view at their showrooms in the Hampstead-road, where this extensive sale of about £35,000 worth of furniture is proceeding, this address should be visited forthwith. The bargain brise-bise blinds in silk and finest lawn sold by Messrs. Bowman Brothers, of 118 to 150 High-street, Camden Town, should be inspected at the same time by all who are house-proud.

ST. IVEL CHEESE

Is acknowledged by all to be the best.

"Deserves special notice."
"Takes a forenoon."
"Flavour is perfect."

Lace and Cogue's Feather Boas reduced to 15/9 each.

Scented Veils reduced to 1/- each.

VALÉRIE,

COURT MILLINER,
12, NEW BURLINGTON ST.,
Regent St., W.

ANNUAL Summer Sale

WILL COMMENCE ON
MONDAY, July 3rd,

When all Millinery will be reduced to

HALF PRICE from 10/9.

Millinery at Sale Prices sent on approval on receipt of London Trade reference or deposit.

Sachet Powder reduced to 2/- oz.

THE GREATEST OF ALL GLOVE AND HOSIERY SALES.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S Great Summer Sale

WILL COMMENCE ON MONDAY NEXT, July 3. GREAT BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS. GLOVES, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, UNDERCLOTHING, CORSETS, BLANKETS, &c. Write for SPECIAL SALE PRICES. Fully Illustrated Post Free on Application. ORDERS BY POST.

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY. Only 45 and 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C. Addresses 122 and 25, NEW BOND STREET, W.

Irresistibly Delicious!

PETER'S SWISS MILK-CHOCOLATE

UNRIVALLED FOR DELICACY OF FLAVOUR AND SUSTAINING QUALITIES.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

a florid face, a tanging tick, and a sharp, aggressive strike.

What a frightful hash he had made of things. The chance of a lifetime, the ball at his feet!

He moistened his dry lips with his tongue. His destiny was in Tom Mayfield's hands. It was beyond his own control now. If Mayfield failed there seemed but one door left open to him.

"I'll give him till twelve o'clock," he whispered hoarsely. "If he hasn't come by then, he's either failed or played me false, and there's only one thing left to me."

He had reasoned it all out with a desperate calmness, and had decided on his course of action.

The clock was striking again—eleven! How time was racing! Why, only a moment ago, it was striking ten!

A fierce spasm of regret swept him. Why, in God's name, hadn't he made a clean breast of things in Evelyn's office, while the notes were in his possession. But what was the use of harping on the what-might-have-been? Tom Mayfield had the notes, and Mayfield had not returned.

"For the sake of my mother," he muttered, "they'll hush things up." The world kicks a fallen, but not a dead, man. Thank Heaven, I've always managed to pay up my insurance premiums. The policy is worth over a thousand!"

For a few moments the tanging tick of the cheap clock broke the silence. But there were letters to be written. He rose up mechanically, and approached the writing-desk. Ink and pens were there; but neither paper nor envelopes. He raised the blotting-paper on the chance of finding that he wanted underneath.

An unfinished letter stared up at him. He had what was written almost before he realised that he was doing.

"My dear little Queenie," ran the letter, "I've got the heart to spoil your outing with my late troubles; but somehow I've managed to over head and ears into debt, and I don't see how on earth I'm going to put matters straight



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